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No. 1779.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1851.

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We regret the publication of this work more for the sake of Major Edwardes himself than for that of the public. Notwithstanding the defects we have pointed out, we should be doing injustice to the author if we did not admit that it possesses considerable merits, and we believe that few persons who have once commenced the book will lay it down

without reading it to the end. It supplies much valuable and interesting information respecting the various tribes in the north-west of India, and it contains the best account that has yet appeared of the origin of the second Sikh war.

The first volume is devoted to an account of the author's residence in Bunnoo, a fertile valley on the further side of the river Indus, inhabited by Afghan tribes. This valley was nominally subject to the Sikhs, but they had never been able to govern it as an integral part of their empire; and their practice had been to send an army every two or three years into the valley to collect the arrears of tribute due to them. The brave inhabitants of the valley always resisted this attempt; and the Sikhs were obliged to content themselves with obtaining what they could by the plunder of the country. After the end of the first Sikh war in 1846, the Council of Regency, at Lahore, composed of the leading Sikh chiefs, was placed under the control and guidance of a British resident; and Sir Henry Lawrence, who had been appointed to this post, sent our author with a Sikh force into the valley of Bunnoo, in order to subjugate the province and make a final settlement of its revenue. Its condition upon the arrival of our author is thus described:—

"The Bunnoochees, or, as they generally style themselves, Bunnoo-wāls, are bad specimens of Afghans. Could worse be said of any human race? They have all the vices of Puthāns rankly luxuriant, the virtues stunted. Except in Sindh, I have never seen such a degraded people. Although forming a distinct race in themselves, easily recognisable, at first sight, from any other tribe along the Indus, they are not of pure descent from any common stock, and able, like the neighbouring people, to trace their lineage back to the founder of the family; but are descended from many different Afghan tribes, representing the ebb and flow of might, right, possession, and spoliation, in a corner of the Cabul empire, whose remoteness and fertility offered to outlaws and vagabonds a secure asylum against both law and labour. The introduction of Indian cultivators from the Punjab, and the settlement of numerous low Hindoos in the valley, from sheer love of money, and the hope of peacefully plundering by trade their ignorant Muhommudan masters, have contributed, by inter-marriage, slave-dealing, and vice, to complete the mongrel character of the Bunnoo people. Every stature, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Doorānee; every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Cabul; every dress, from the linen garments of the south to the heavy goat-skin of the eternal snows, is to be seen promiscuously among them, reduced only to a harmonious whole by the neutral tint of universal dirt.

"Let the reader take this people, and arm them to the teeth; then, throwing them down into the beautiful country I have described, bid them scramble for its fat meads and fertilizing waters, its fruits and flowers; and he will have a good idea of the state of landed property, and laws of tenure, as I found them in 1847. Such, indeed, was the total confusion of right, that, by way of gaining for this community a new point of departure, and starting fair on an era of law and order, Colonel Lawrence, as I shall presently show, was obliged to declare that five years' possession should be considered a good title.

The Bunnoochees, however, do not constitute the entire population of Bunnoo. There are, besides, three other classes of men, the Oolumá, or religious characters, the Hindoos, and the Vizeeree interlopers. The influence of the Oolumá over the superstitious Bunnoochees was unbounded, and one-sixth of the whole land of the valley was in

their hands. The condition of the Hindoos in the midst of this Mohammedan population presents a striking parallel to that of the Jews in Europe in the middle ages:—

"In Bunnoo the position of the Hindoos was peculiarly degraded, for they lacked the interested friendship of a regular and needy government, and became entirely dependent on the individual Mullicks who harboured them in their forts. They could not indeed venture outside the walls, or visit their brethren in other forts without a safeguard from their own chief, who conducted and brought them back, and was paid for his protection. Once when I was encamped in the Sooraunee tuppehs, two half-buried human bodies were discovered, whose wounds bore evidence of the violence of their death. I was afraid they were some of my own men, and instant inquiry was made in camp; when some Bunnoochees came forward to explain that they were 'only two Hindoos, who had gone out without a guard to collect some debts!' No Hindoo in Bunnoo was permitted to wear a turban, that being too sacred a symbol of Muhommudanism; and a small cotton skull-cap was all that they had to protect their brains from the keen Bunnoo sun. When they came into our camp they made a holiday of it, brought a turban in their pockets and put it on with childish delight when they got inside the lines. If any Hindoo wished to celebrate a marriage in his family he went to his Mullick for a licence as regularly as an English gentleman to Doctors' Commons, and had to hire the Mullick's soldiers also to guard the procession, and fire a *feu de joie*. Notwithstanding all these outward dangers and disabilities, the Hindoo in his inmost soul might hold 'high carnival,' for assuredly he was the moral victor over his Muhommudan masters. I do not remember a single chief in Bunnoo who could either read or write, and, what is much rarer among natives, very few indeed could make a mental calculation. Every chief, therefore, kept Hindoos about his person as general agents and secretaries. Bred up to love money from his cradle, the common Hindoo cuts his first tooth on a rupee, wears a gold mohur round his neck for an amulet, and has cowry shells (the lowest denomination of his god) given him to play with on the floor. The multiplication-table, up to one hundred times one hundred, is his first lesson; and out of school he has two pice given to him to take to the bazaar and turn into an anna before he gets his dinner; thus educated, Hindoos, of all others, are the best adapted for middlemen, and the Bunnoochee Mullick found in them a useful but double-edged tool.

Throughout the whole of Bunnoo all trade was in the hands of the Hindoos, with the exception (characteristic of the two races) of gunpowder, fire-arms, and swords, which were exclusively manufactured and sold by Muhommudans. Hence they had shops in every petty fort, and every Muhommudan in the valley was their customer."

The Vizeerees are a numerous and powerful Afghan tribe, who had deprived the Bunnoochees of a considerable portion of their lands, and had permanently settled in some of the most fertile parts of the valley. The way in which our author effected the subjugation of this valley is one of the most interesting portions of the work, and displays in a striking manner the energy of his character and the influence which he acquired over the minds of its savage inhabitants. To use his own language—"for fear of a Sikh army, two warlike and independent Muhommudan tribes levelled to the ground, at my bidding, the four hundred forts which constituted the strength of their country; and for fear of those same Muhommudan tribes, the same Sikh army, at my bidding, constructed a fortress for the Crown, which completed the subjugation of the valley."

We cannot follow our author into the details of the measures by which he accomplished this object, and must content ourselves



with extracting his summary of the results that were obtained:—

"On the 9th of December, 1847, we entered Bunnoo. On the 17th of the same month, the powerful, brave, and hitherto unconquered Vizeeree tribes resigned their independence, and consented to pay tribute; and, as far as I know, and with such occasional exceptions as any one might suppose, have abided by that agreement till this day. On the 18th of December was laid the foundation of the royal fort of Duleepgurh; and, in spite of the mutiny of one of the regiments, that structure was raised, by the hands of the Sikh army, under my command, to the height of twenty feet, or within six feet of the top, before I left Bunnoo, on the 23rd of February, 1848, or in the short space of seventy-two days. And this, in an enemy's country, without an engineer, and almost without tools.

"On the 5th of January, 1848, the people and chiefs of Bunnoo were ordered to throw down their forts, about four hundred in number. By the end of a month, in spite of being preached against in the mosques, in spite of two open attempts at assassination, and a third plot to murder me in a gateway, I had carried that measure out, and left but two Bunnoochee forts standing in the valley, and those two by my permission.

"Such were the chief results which had been accomplished by this expedition in less than three months; but besides these, a new town had been founded, which, at this day, is flourishing; a military and commercial road, thirty feet broad, and twenty-five miles long, had been undertaken, laid down, commenced, and has since been completed, through a formerly roadless valley, and is now (under the protection of ordinary police) traversed by the merchant and traveller in ease and security; tracts of country from which the fertilizing mountain streams were diverted by lawless feuds, had been brought back to cultivation by the protection of a strong Government; others lying waste, because disputed, had been adjudicated, apportioned, occupied, and sown once more; through others, a canal had been designed and begun, and promised to create a fruitful country in a desert; while, still nearer approaching to civilization, a people who had worn arms as we wear clothes, and used them as we use knives and forks, had ceased to carry arms at all; and though they quarrelled still, learnt to bring their differences to the bar of the civil court, instead of the sharp issue of the sword. In a word, the valley of Bunnoo, which had defied the Sikh arms for five-and-twenty years, had in three months been peacefully annexed to the Punjab, and two independent Afghan races, the Vizeerees and the Bunnoochees, been subjugated without a single shot being fired."

The young officer, however, was frequently exposed to peril in the midst of this wild population, and, as related in the previous extract, more than one attempt was made to remove him by assassination.

"After transacting *cutcherry* (office) business for an hour or two, I was sitting with Swahn Khan, Vizeeree, and his interpreter, talking over Bunnoo affairs, when the cry arose that 'Swords were going!' Swahn Khan having no arms (according to camp rules), bolted out of the tent; while his 'man Friday' began dancing about, wringing his hands, and ejaculating: 'Oh, that I had now a sword! This is the evil of taking away men's proper tools!' Having ever since the first attempt of this kind kept a double-barrelled pistol on my table, I now cocked both barrels, and walked outside, for the row had grown quite deafening, and I thought there must be a dozen Ghazees at least; in which case, one person inside a tent fourteen feet square would stand but a poor chance. Scarcely had I got out at one door, than the Ghazee (for there proved to be only one) forced his way through the sentries and *chuprassees* (official messengers), and entered my tent at the other door. Hearing the rush, I turned round, and could see through the screens of the tent, a Bunnoochee with a naked sword plunging after me like a mad bull. (The outside door of an Indian tent turns up, and is sup-

ported on props during the day, as a kind of porch, to keep off the sun. It is very low, and I knew that the Ghazee must stoop as he came out, so here I took my stand.) His turban was knocked off in stooping at the door, and when he stood up outside, he glared round for his victim like a tiger who had missed his spring. Then his eyes met mine; and seeing no resource, I fired one barrel into his breast. The shock nearly knocked him down, for there could not have been two feet between us. He staggered, but did not fall; and I was just thinking of firing the other barrel at his head, when a stream of soldiers and camp-followers, with all kinds of weapons, rushed in and bore away the wretch some twenty yards towards a native's tent, into which, hacked and chopped in every direction, he contrived to crawl; but was followed up, and was so mangled by the indignant crowd before my people could interfere, that I wonder he survived a minute. He lingered however, till night, in spite of the remedies which my native doctor, by my orders, applied to him. The rage of the soldiery was beyond description, and I had great difficulty in preventing his being carried off to be burnt alive. Even late in the evening, a deputation came to say that it was apparent the Ghazee could not live out the night, and 'had he not better be hanged at once, while he had any life in him?' I said: 'No; let him die; the example will be just as great, perhaps greater, if his body is exposed on the gallows afterwards.'"

After settling the affairs of Bunnoo, our author set out on a tour of inspection in the neighbouring province of the Upper Derajat, the account of which affords much interesting matter. We may take as an example his attempt to seize a chief in the midst of his people:—

"The grey dawn was just removing the friendly veil that had hitherto concealed us, the watch-fires of the mountaineers were dying out, and we could see the savage Cabul dogs of the merchants spring up from beside the ashes, before their accursed howl of alarm and warning reached our ears.

"The Dooranees now galloped to the front, as if no power on earth should prevent them from being first in the fray; and though I succeeded in calling them in, and keeping them with the rest of the party, they still whirled their guns over their heads, and shouted valorously that they would eat up the Nassurs.

"But the Nassurs seemed in no hurry to be eaten, and turned out, at the baying of the dogs and the shouts of the Dooranees, like a nest of hornets, with juzails, swords, clubs, and even stones.

"I thought the best chance I had was to make my few fellows fight, whether they would or no, so led them round to the rear of the Nassur camp, and got them between it and the hill, under a dropping fire of bullets, which did little or no harm; then, beckoning with my hand to the Nassurs, I told Kaloo Khan to shout to them, in Pushtoo, to surrender; a barefaced proposition, to which the Nassurs replied only with a handsome volley of both bullets and abuse. 'Come on,' they cried, 'come on, you Feringhee dog, and don't stand talking about surrender!' In truth, it was no time, for the fire was getting thick; so seeing nothing else left, I drew my own sword, took a tight hold of a chain bridle, given me prophetically by Reynell Taylor, stuck the spurs into Zál, and, calling on all behind me to follow, plunged into the camp.

"The attacking party always has such an advantage that I am quite sure, if our men had followed up, few as they were, they might have either seized or killed Shahzád; but it shames me to relate, that out of seventy or eighty, not fifteen charged, and scarcely a dozen reached the middle of the camp.

"The dozen was composed of Muhommud Alim Khan (I think I see him now with his blue and gold shawl turban all knocked about his ears!) Kaloo Khan, and Lumsden's Duffadar of Guides;

each backed by a few faithful henchmen. The only officer *non-inventus* was the Sikh Russaldars. The *mélée*, therefore, was much thicker in our neighbourhood than was at all pleasant, and how we ever got out of it is unaccountable; but we did, after cutting our way from one end to the other of the Nassur camp. Somewhere about the middle of it a tall ruffian, whom I was told afterwards was Shahzád's brother, walked deliberately at me with his juzail, and sticking it into my stomach, so that the muzzle almost pushed me out of my saddle, fired! The priming flashed in the pan, and as he drew back the juzail I cut him full over the head; but I might as well have hit a cannon ball, the sword turned in my hand; and the Nassur, without even re-settling his turban, commenced re-priming his juzail, an operation which I did not stay to see completed. Between 1845 and 1849 there was no lack of peril on the Punjab frontier, and I, like all the rest, had my share; but I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face.

"On getting out to the fresh air again I looked round and found myself with two men, one of whom was a highwayman I had pardoned a week or ten days before. The brave Dooranees and Sikhs might be seen circling and curvetting round the circumference of the camp, handsomely followed up by the enemy, and I was thinking what course to pursue when my eye fell on the Nassur herd of camels tied down in a ring. 'Now,' said I to the highwayman, 'the victory is ours after all,' and away we both dashed at the camels, whose long necks were already bobbing about with fright, like geese looking out of a market basket. Up they all jumped, and tore themselves free from their fastenings; and I put a lot of them before me, and drove them off as if I had all my life been a moss-trooper, my friend the thief entering heart and soul into the business, and giving them a professional poke with his spear, which set them stepping out gloriously. The Nassurs, who were in charge, yelled like demons, and one 'took up a rock,' as Homer would have said (a great stone as big as his own head), and hurled it at me with such good aim that it hit me below the knee, and would have unhorsed me if that excellent villain, the highwayman, had not put his hand under my shoulder, and tossed me back again into the saddle. The heroes outside now joined us, and very glad I was to see them, for the whole swarm of angry Nassurs were in hot pursuit of their camels. The Sikh runaways, at this point, did something to make amends; forming line in the rear behind us, and keeping off the Nassurs with their musketry till we had pricked the spoil quite out of reach, when they galloped up to us, and left the Nassurs puffing in the middle of the plain."

Shortly after completing his journey through the Upper Derajat, the insurrection of Moolraj, the ruler of Mooltan, broke out, and summoned our author to more active scenes. The distinguished part which he took in the war that ensued, and which forms the subject of the second volume of his work, we must reserve till next week. We cannot, however, conclude without giving our author's account of the discovery of the ruins of a Greek city in Bunnoo, at a place called Akra, which probably retains its ancient Greek name.

"In the south-west corner of the valley of Bunnoo, within a short distance of the left bank of the Goombeeluh, and about midway between the two towns of Kukkee and Bhurrut, stand a cluster of high mounds, of different sizes and elevations, but undulating one into the other, and evidently parts of a long-ruined whole: indeed, at a little distance, they all seem one, and combine to form a most striking eminence, on a perfectly level plain, which is seen from almost any part of Bunnoo west of the Khoorrum river.

"These mounds, when examined, proved to be composed of fragments of burnt bricks and broken tiles, cemented and crushed together by the lapse



of ages; and the deep channels which successive storms and floods have worn down their sides reveal, here and there, more perfect fragments of old brick-work, and hint that perhaps even halls and chambers might reward the antiquary's deeper search.

"To the north of Akra, a rapid stream, called the Lohoruh, cuts its way through high banks, and rushes into the Goombeeluh; and across this stream, on the right bank, directly opposite the chief mound of Akra, stands a smaller mound, which, to a military eye, looks like an outpost, to command the water. During the first Bunnoo expedition, in 1847, we were encamped here; and General Cortlandt's sappers dug some way into this outward mound, and came, at a considerable depth, to a small circular chamber, made of large and beautifully-burnt bricks, in which there were some human bones, but nothing to give any clue to their history. Rain fell very heavily about the same time, and laid bare a very large quantity of copper coins, which the soldiers amused themselves by picking up, and brought to General Cortlandt and myself. They were generally dreadfully battered and effaced, but on most of them a few Greek and Bactrian letters were very plainly traceable. Some were very perfect indeed, and the raised figures on others, though nearly rubbed level with the surface, could be recognised as corresponding with many better specimens which General Cortlandt had collected in Huzaruh, the Salt Range, and other parts of the Punjab, all over which the Macedonian footsteps are more thickly and ineffaceably trodden in than is, I believe, generally known in England."

*Goethe's Faust, Iphigenia in Tauris, Torquato Tasso, and Egmont; translated by Anna Swanwick: and Goetz von Berlichingen, translated by Sir Walter Scott, carefully revised. Bohn.*

THE courage which could undertake, and the perseverance which completed, the translation of four such plays as the 'Faust,' the 'Iphigenia,' the 'Tasso,' and 'Egmont,' must be of no ordinary kind. Not less extraordinary, however, are the powers which such a task demands for its proper fulfilment, and those powers, unfortunately, Miss Swanwick does not possess. It is quite true that her translations are executed with more than average ability, and will certainly not suffer by comparison with any that already exist. But they are still far, far wide of the mark; and will convey to an English reader a very imperfect idea of the rich and varied power of the originals.

A great improvement has undoubtedly taken place of late years in our translations, but not so much as to remove the old charge, that

"Few but those who cannot write translate."

Surely it is little less than sacrilege for a writer who apprehends often but dimly his author's meaning, and who has no kindred faculty either of conception or expression, to undertake to transmute his masterpieces into another literature. And yet how few of our poetical translators are not open to the charge! Without a moment's misgiving they grapple with Dante, Richter, Schiller, or Goethe. Strong fresh thoughts dwindle in their hands either into feebleness or mysticism; picturesque images lose all their force; original turns of expression lapse into hackneyed phrasing; correct English is cast aside as superfluous; and the result is, that readers turn away, wondering at the fame of what seems to them, and justly seems, such very ordinary ware. Goethe has suffered, perhaps, more than any other author from bad translators. The purity of his style, and its perfect fitness to his subject, the art which wholly veils itself, make

him in a peculiar degree a stumbling-block to translators. Only a clear thinker and vigorous writer can catch his manner. He is too simple, too straightforward, too various for those who have not passed through a long apprenticeship, not merely in literature but in life.

It is surprising that Miss Swanwick should have spent so much time over Goethe without being cured of one of the most flagrant vices of her style—the constant use of pretty meaningless phrases, and the insertion of commonplace expletives to eke out the measure of her lines. If there be one quality in Goethe's style, prose as well as verse, more conspicuous than another, it is its freshness and vigour, the aptness of the imagery, and the conciseness of the expression. There is never a word too much, nor an epithet that does not represent an idea; and from beginning to end of his voluminous writings it will be difficult, if not impossible, to find one specimen of poetical commonplace. There is, however, scarcely a page of Miss Swanwick's translations without something of the kind. Epithets of the Rosa-Matilda school, and turns of phrase so worn as to have lost any meaning which they ever had, bespeak a mind incapable of apprehending the excellence of the poet she has ventured to translate, with that full and entire sympathy which is indispensable for the transference of the thoughts and music of so great a singer into another tongue.

In the very first page, the noble Dedication of the 'Faust,' Miss Swanwick is peculiarly unfortunate. Here the deepest feeling vents itself in language which is simplicity itself. Every word is in the best place to express the sentiment, and the verse is at the same time the very perfection of rhythmical cadence. In this Dedication, as our readers are aware, the poet calls up to memory the lost friends of his youth, who shared with him the experiences out of which his great drama grew, and who are now deaf to the voice whose old familiar tones would to them have been pregnant with peculiar meaning. We take the two last verses, beginning—

"*Sie hören nicht die folgende Gesänge,  
Die Seelen denen ich die erste sang,*" &c.

which are thus translated by Miss Swanwick:—

"Alas! my closing songs they hear no more,  
The friends, for whom my earlier strains I sang;  
Dispersed the throng who greeted me of yore,  
And mute the voices that responsive rang;  
My tuneful grief 'mong strangers now I pour,  
E'en their applauding tones inflict a pang.  
And those to whom my music once seem'd sweet,  
If yet on earth, are scatter'd ne'er to meet."

"A strange unwonted longing doth upraise  
To yon calm spirit-realm my yearning soul!  
In softened cadence, as when Zephyr plays  
With Æol's harp, my tuneful numbers roll;  
My pulses thrill, the tear unbidden strays,  
My steadfast heart resigns its self-control;  
As from afar the present meets my view,  
While what hath pass'd away alone seems true."

Anything more unlike Goethe than this can hardly be conceived. "Tuneful grief" and "tuneful numbers," favourite phrases of Miss Swanwick's, we had thought were confined to prize poems and the small poets of the Pope school. Goethe knew nothing of them. The same vagueness affects every line, till we seek in vain for the strong natural feeling and transparent language of the original. These faults the great difficulty of the task may somewhat extenuate, but what excuse is to be found for the nonsense of the lines,—

"Alas! my closing songs they hear no more,  
The friends for whom my earlier strains I sang?"

The poet's lament is that these friends have never heard the songs in question at all. Neither are these his "closing songs." Goethe

says simply, "the following songs," that is the songs which follow this Dedication. A truer idea of the poet's meaning may, we think, be gathered from the following version, imperfect though it be:—

"Alas, alas! those strains they cannot hear,  
The souls to whom my earliest lays I sang;  
Gone are they all, that band of friends so dear,  
The echoes hush'd that once responsive rang;  
My numbers fall upon the stranger's ear,  
Whose very praise is to my heart a pang,  
And all, who in my lays took pride of yore,  
Are scatter'd through the world, or else no more."

"And yearnings fill my soul, unwonted long,  
To yonder still sad spirit-world to go;  
Now, like Eolian harp, my faltering song  
Rises and falls in fitful cadence low;  
A shudder thrills me, as old memories throng,  
The strong heart melts, tears fast on tear-drops flow;  
What I possess seems far far off to be,  
And what hath pass'd away becomes reality."

As we advance into the play itself, it does not appear that Miss Swanwick is more fortunate. It may, indeed, be questioned whether any woman, however gifted, could do justice to the 'Faust.' It abounds in passages which a woman can hardly be expected thoroughly to understand, and there is a terrible force and closeness in the style which are to be found in no female writer that we know. This must be echoed in a translation, otherwise it scarcely deserves the name. The thought is much, but we cannot afford to want its peculiar clothing, which, indeed, gives to the thought no small part of its power. Clever and graceful as Miss Swanwick often is, when she comes to passages of concentrated power, she is sure to fail; indeed she seems not to feel how indispensable in such passages it is to preserve the very cadence and measure of the original. As an illustration, let us take Faust's famous curse, which Goethe wrote in fiery octosyllabics, but which his translator dilutes into elegiacs. Faust has been speaking of his weariness of life:—

"Faust. And thus my very being I deplore,  
Death ardently desire, and life abhor."

"Meph. And yet, methinks, by most 'twill be confess'd,  
That death is never quite a welcome guest."

"Faust. Happy the man around whose brow he binds  
The blood-stain'd wreath in conquest's dazzling hour,  
Or whom, excited by the dance, he finds  
Dissolved in bliss, in love's delicious bower!"

This is sad milk-and-water for Goethe's—

"Den er, nach rasch durchras'tem Tanze,  
In eines Mädchens Armen findet!"

But to proceed:—

"Oh that before that lofty spirit's might  
My soul entranced had sunk to endless night!"

This is a perversion quite inexcusable in a translator. Goethe knew too well what he was about to talk about sinking to "endless night!" Why should Miss Swanwick put such nonsense into his mouth?—

"Meph. Yet did a certain man one night refrain  
Of its brown juice the crystal bowl to drain."

Here again Goethe says nothing about a crystal bowl or any other vessel. Besides, it was a phial, not a bowl, as we learned before.

"Faust. To play the spy diverts you, then?  
"Meph. I own,

Though not omniscient, much to me is known."

"Faust. If o'er my soul the tone familiar, stealing,  
Drew me from harrowing thought's bewildering maze,  
Touching the lingering chords of childlike feeling,  
With the sweet harmonies of happier days;  
So now I breathe my curse on all that windeth  
Its coil of magic influence round the soul,  
And with delusive flattery fondly bindeth  
The wretched spirit to this dismal hole! (?)  
And before all, cursed be the high opinion  
Wherewith the spirit girds itself around!  
Of shows delusive cursed be the dominion  
Within whose mocking sphere our sense is bound!  
Accursed of lying dreams the treacherous wiles,  
The cheat of glory, fame's exalted rage!  
Accursed as property what each beguiles,  
As wife and child, as slave and heritage!  
Accursed be Mammon, when with treasure  
He doth to daring deeds incite;  
Or when to steep the soul in pleasure  
He spreads the couch of soft delight.  
Cursed be the grape's balsamic juice!



Accursed love's dream, of joys the first!  
Accursed be hope, accursed be faith!  
And more than all be patience cursed!"

This is, indeed, Goethe and water, besides being bad English, bad rhythm, and bad interpretation; and when we turn to his page it requires all our gallantry to reconcile us to the rashness which could present it in lieu of the burning energy of this remarkable passage. Who, indeed, shall do it justice? We have no hope of doing so; but believing it to be possible to give some notion of the original, we shall, by way of stimulant after Miss Swanwick's diluent, essay a version of our own!

*Faust.* And thus by life, as by a load oppress'd,  
I long for death,—existence I detest.  
*Meph.* And yet death never is a wholly welcome guest.  
*Faust.* Oh happy he around whose brows he winds,  
In victory's radiant hour, the blood-stain'd bays,  
Whom on the bosom of his girl he finds,  
Warm from the dance's wild and maddening maze!  
Oh would my soul, 'neath that high spirit's might,  
In rapturous trance might swoon away and sink.  
*Meph.* Yet was there one, who on a certain night  
A certain dark-brown mixture fear'd to drink.  
*Faust.* It seems, you love to play eaves-dropper? So!  
*Meph.* I'm not omniscient: yet some things I know.  
*Faust.* Since, when my brain was rack'd and reeling,  
A sweet and old familiar chime  
Beguiled my all of childish feeling  
With memories of a happier time;  
So now I curse whate'er doth pen  
With wizard coil these souls of ours,  
And chains us to this dreary den  
With cozening and deceitful powers.  
And first be cursed the proud conceit,  
That girds our spirits like a fence;  
Cursed be the glare of shows that cheat,  
And play and palter with our sense!  
Cursed be the false and flattering dream  
Of fame—a name beyond the grave,  
Cursed all that ours we fondly deem  
As wife and child, as plough and slave!  
Be Mammon cursed, when he with pelf  
Inspires to deeds, were else renown,  
When he, to rot and pamper self,  
Makes silken-smooth our couch of down!  
Curse on the grape's balsamic juice,  
A curse on love's entrancing thrall,  
A curse on hope—on faith profuse—  
And curse on patience more than all!

To take from our mouths the taste of this anathema, which almost equals the curse of Erulphus, and certainly surpasses the swearing of the armies in Flanders, let us quote Margaret's prayer to the 'Mater Dolorosa,' which, notwithstanding some importations for the sake of rhyme, has been very agreeably rendered by Miss Swanwick.

"MARGARET (putting fresh flowers in the jars before the image of the Virgin.)

"Ah, rich in sorrow, thou  
Stoop thy maternal brow,  
And mark with pitying eye my misery!  
The sword in thy pierced heart,  
Thou dost with bitter smart  
Gaze upwards on thy son's mute agony.  
To the dear God on high  
Ascends thy piteous sigh,  
Pleading for his and thy mute misery.  
Ah, who can know  
The torturing woe  
That harrows me, and racks me to the bone?  
How my poor heart, without relief,  
Trembles and throbs, its yearning grief  
Thou knowest, thou alone!  
Ah, wheresoe'er I go,  
With woe, with woe, with woe,  
My anguish'd breast is aching!  
Wretched, alone I keep,  
I weep, I weep, I weep,  
Alas! my heart is breaking!  
The flower-pots at my window  
Were wet with tears of mine,  
The while I pluck'd these blossoms  
At dawn to deck thy shrine!  
When early in my chamber  
Shone bright the rising morn,  
I sat there on my pallet,  
My heart with anguish torn.  
Help! Death and shame are near!  
Mother of sorrows, now  
Stoop thy maternal brow,  
And to thy suppliant turn a gracious ear."

This will not bear a very strict scrutiny, but it is quite equal to what has been done by any previous translator. Something more than this, however, is now demanded. We want no more tolerable translations of the 'Faust,'—and the best we have, Anster's in-

cluded, are no more,—but one which shall represent at once and for ever in English literature a poem which amongst us has yet to reach the full measure of its fame. Let no one attempt this task, who does not bring to it a large knowledge of the human heart and of human life, with a mastery of all the resources of our language, and a determination to spare no pains to give to his work the same finish which Goethe purchased by years on years of careful elaboration.

In the 'Iphigenia' and the 'Tasso,' Miss Swanwick has been much more successful. The latter especially is, for the most part, so good, that the presence of the faults to which we have already alluded in her 'Faust' is the more to be regretted. Even the best passages are marred, either by attempts at fine writing or by carelessness of finish, when a little additional trouble, and a resolution to follow her original closely, might have produced a really valuable work. As an illustration, take the following passage from the interview between Tasso and the Princess, where she paints the distinguishing characteristics of the sexes:—

"Princess. 'Tis order woman seeketh, freedom man.  
"Tasso. Thou thinkest us unfeeling, wild, and rude?  
"Princess. Not so! but ye with violence pursue  
A multitude of objects far remote.

Ye venture for eternity to act,  
While we, with views more narrow, on this earth,  
Seek only one possession, well content  
If that with constancy remain our own.  
For we, alas! are of no heart secure,  
Whate'er the ardour of its first devotion.  
Beauty is transient, which alone ye seem  
To hold in honour; what beside remains  
No longer charms; what doth not charm is dead.  
If among men there were who knew the prize—  
The heart of woman—who could recognise  
What treasures of fidelity and love,  
Are garner'd safely in a woman's breast,  
If the remembrance of bright single hours  
Could vividly abide within your souls;  
If your so searching glance could pierce the veil  
Which age and wasting sickness o'er us fling;  
If the possession which should satisfy,  
Waken'd no restless cravings in your hearts;  
Then were our happy days indeed arrived,  
We then should celebrate our golden age."

This is good writing, despite of one or two misconceptions of the author's meaning in these lines—as in the translation of "*einzig schönen Stunden*," literally "uniquely beautiful hours," by the phrase, "bright single hours." Yet a student of Goethe will at once feel that it is not Goethe. If he turn to the original, his surmise will be confirmed. A translation, in which the text shall be closely followed, will enable our readers to form a judgment on this point for themselves:—

Tasso. Thou thinkest us unruly, harsh, unfeeling?  
Princess. Not so! But ye for far off treasures strive,  
And stern and strenuous must your striving be!  
Ye make your ventures for eternity,  
Whilst we, with scope more bounded, only seek  
A simple earthly treasure, well content  
If that remain unswervingly our own.  
Of no man's heart are we secure, howe'er  
Its faith at first to ours was fondly vow'd.  
Beauty is transient, yet that alone  
Ye seem to honour;—what of that is left  
No longer charms, and what charms not is dead.  
Oh were there only men, who knew to prize  
A woman's heart,—men who could see and feel  
What treasures infinite of truth and love  
Are closely garner'd in a woman's breast;  
If the remembrance of delicious hours  
Of bliss above all other bliss could live  
Within your souls for ever; if your glance,  
So searching else, could penetrate the veil  
Which o'er us age or wasting sickness fling;  
If the possession, which should satisfy,  
Made you not wanton after other joys,  
Then should for us a glorious dayspring dawn,  
Then should we celebrate our golden age."

In making this version, we have simply followed Goethe line for line, each word rising out of a word in the original. We leave it to our readers to say, which of the renderings is to be preferred.

We have spoken of this volume critically, but with all its faults we are bound in justice to say, that it is one which will be read with

pleasure and profit. It may be long before it is supplanted by translations of a higher order, and till then it may not unworthily find its place upon the shelves of those who cannot study these noble plays in Goethe's own words.

*Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. First Part of the Third Volume. Translated under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Ed. Sabine, R.A., &c. Longmans; Murray.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT was born at Berlin in 1769. Easy circumstances enabled him to devote all the early years of his life to the acquisition of general information, and the natural bent of his disposition inclined him to improve to the utmost the advantages fortune had accorded him. Before the age of eighteen he had formed a strong desire to visit the Western Continent for the purpose of studying the operations of nature in their grandest manifestations. In his personal narrative he writes—"No longer deluded by the agitation of a wandering life, I was anxious to contemplate nature in all its variety of wild and stupendous scenery; and the hope of collecting some facts useful to the advancement of science incessantly impelled my wishes towards the luxuriant regions spread under the torrid zone." For six years he gave himself to the task of carefully preparing for the execution of the labour he had planned. He busied himself in mastering the principles of such scientific instruments as he designed to employ in his investigations, and in familiarizing his hands with their practical employment; and he visited various parts of Europe where he conceived phenomena were presented that might become valuable standards of comparison for him in his new field of observation. After these preliminary exercises he started upon his enterprising researches, taking his departure from Corunna in the year 1799. He spent five years in various regions that had attracted his interest in South America, having examined Teneriffe during his voyage across the Atlantic. Cumana, Caraccas, the Llanas, San Fernando, the Orinoco, Havannah, Cuba, Carthagen, Quito, and Mexico, were so many foci from whence his observing eyes took new points of departure. He returned to Europe in 1804 by Philadelphia, bearing with him the accumulated products of his toil. During the five years of his wandering no single object that was worthy of scientific regard had escaped his notice. Twenty mules laden with his instruments and the treasures he had heaped together, followed in his train across New Spain and over the chain of the Andes, from the shores of the Pacific to those of the West Indian seas. Towards the close of the expedition his stock of treasures was contained in no less than forty-two boxes. Of plants alone he had collected 6000 different species that were indigenous to the equatorial regions. Such was the mode in which this accomplished philosopher commenced his design of interrogating nature. Since 1804 he has continued to prosecute his researches almost without a pause. He has again visited many parts of Europe. In 1829 he made an excursion to the Ural Mountains, the frontiers of China, and the shores of the Caspian Sea. The entire life of this veteran philosopher has been spent in the service of science, and now at the age of eighty-two, he is putting the finishing stroke to the structure



that he must have commenced to rear nearly three quarters of a century ago.

The skilful observer of nature invariably begins his work, as Humboldt did, by noting the various phenomena that come before him, as so many distinct and separate elements. As his observations are multiplied, he is gradually led to distribute their results into naturally allied groups, in order that he may the more easily remember or apply them. In these groups of natural alliance he finds certain broadly marked conditions that are common to all the contained members. These common conditions lead him to the recognition of certain great general laws that then assume the importance of the apparent proximate causes of the phenomena that are grouped together. The more philosophic mind having possessed itself of these laws, and having maturely weighed their general aspects and relations, comes to the conclusion that these also have a common dependence upon still more comprehensive facts; it finds in them evidence of the existence of "causal connexion"—that is, it arrives at the perception that many subordinate expressions in nature are mutually related by common dependence upon comprehensive causation. In this way, as his objective stores of information grow richer and fuller from progressive accumulation, the man of science advances steadily from the region of particular facts into that of general relations, and year by year acquires a deeper and clearer insight into the great plan of the arrangement of the Universe.

Humboldt's course has therefore manifestly been in strict accordance with the natural instinct of the successful investigator of truth. He commenced his work by picking up plants and fragments of rock, wherever he could set his foot on the wide surface of the globe that stretches out between the Himalaya and the Andes, and now in the evening of his days he is serenely completing it by the publication of his physical description of the universe. He has ascended laboriously from the region of the particular into the region of the general, and he now seeks to express to his fellow-mortals the nature of the prospect that there presents itself before him. This remarkable book, 'Cosmos,' comprises the sum total of the results of the life of one of the most remarkable men of the age. Acknowledging the fact that mortals are yet very far from the time when it will be possible for them to concentrate all the perceptions of their senses into an idea that embraces the whole of nature, its author yet believes that science is so far matured, that it is possible to make a very respectable approach towards such an end. His especial object in publishing the book, is the expression of this fact. He seeks to present a picture of nature as a whole—to show that all the various phenomena that are offered to the contemplation of the philosopher are but so many portions of a complete system. There may be many impelling, forming, and producing forces in the material universe that are for the present manifest to the eye of Omniscience alone, but several of the great causal connexions that are beneath the outward surface of things have been revealed to the apprehension of man.

But in order to present a clear view of these connecting bonds that bring together so many apparent opposites in nature, and express the government of general laws, it is necessary carefully to avoid the accumulation of de-

tached facts, since all attention that is given to them must be for the time withdrawn from the observance of relations. Humboldt therefore attempts to give an insight into the causal connexion of the phenomena of nature, by bringing graphically together the grand results of observation in the order which he deems the most significant. In the first volume of 'Cosmos,' he sketches a general plan of the external aspect of nature. Commencing with the great firmament of stars, where it fades away in the distance into nebulous light, and coming inwards through the nearer star groupings, with their proper and common motions, and their mutual relations, and through the solar system, with its grand central luminary and dependent planets, satellites, and comets, he at last arrives at the surface of the terrestrial globe. Having there marked the form, density, and temperature of the earth, its electro-magnetic currents and auroral light, he proceeds to trace the reaction of its internal masses upon the surface crust, seen in the phenomena of the earthquake and volcano, and in the peculiarities of rocky arrangement that lie beneath the superficial soil. From this he advances to the consideration of the great atmospheric and oceanic envelope in which the vast band of meteorological agents dwell, and to the various relations by which these are made to connect themselves with the evolution and maintenance of vegetable and animal life.

The second volume of 'Cosmos' is an attempt to present the same subject under a different aspect. In it Humboldt sketches the physical universe as seen in its reflection from the mind of man. We think that he has been far less happy in the treatment of this portion of his work, and we are not surprised at this; for it appears to us that there is an element of confusion and obscurity in the idea that is at the foundation of the structure. The volume seems to us to be an essay on the history of the development of the idea of causal connexion in the phenomena of the universe, as expressed in the growth of literature and in the advance of science. But the successive epochs of the history of literature and science present, not an internal reflection of external nature, but rather an internal growth stimulated and determined by its instrumentality. The perception of unity of plan in creation we believe to be an ordained development of mental nature, rather than a reflection of external existence. It is the advance of the tree towards the mature season of fruitage, under the genial influence of the external stimulus that has been beneficently provided for effecting the purpose, rather than the formation of a misty image upon the mirage cloud. The mutual adaptation of the capacities of man's internal nature, and of the powers and properties of external nature by which he is surrounded, we believe to be one of the most striking instances that can be adduced of causal connexion. The binding together of sun to sun, and world to world, by the gravitating influence, is not a more manifest illustration of the principle of mutual dependence and common relation, than the progressive development of material and immaterial nature under the reciprocal actions and reactions of each upon the other. The printing presses, steam-engines, railways, and electric telegraphs, into which matter has been moulded by mind,—and the steady growth by mental power, through the contemplation of the properties of matter, up to the great achievements of civilized life, bear

witness to this truth. It may perchance be this causal connexion of mind and matter that Humboldt intends to illustrate; but we do not think that many English readers will catch the meaning from the phrase 'internal reflex of external nature,' or from the three hundred and fifty pages that contain the translated exposition of the theme.

The third volume of 'Cosmos' aims at presenting a simple statement of the most comprehensive truths that have been found to be at the bottom of the causal connexion of phenomena. It comprises the ultimate results of the generalizing process that has been spoken of as the basis of all sound philosophy. It is therefore beyond question the most interesting portion of the work, for it indicates the advance that has been made towards the apprehension of "the one great idea that embraces the whole of nature." It is a masterly record of the present state of scientific opinion in the various provinces of human knowledge. Only one portion of the volume has been yet translated, and this relates exclusively to the "Heavens of the Fixed Stars." The author has commenced this volume, as he did the preceding ones, by first considering the regions that are the most remote from the earth. He professes, in the pages now published, to present the principal results of actual observation in what he pleases to call the *Astrognotic* department of nature. These results, and the conclusions and conjectures which arise out of them, are matters alike fraught with thoughtful interest.

As an example of the accuracy and simplicity of Humboldt's style of thinking, we give a few of his remarks on the observations that have been made by astronomers on the parallaxes of stars:—

"Only separate parts of space have been accessible to measurement; and the results, which surpass all our powers of realization, are brought together with complacency by those who take a childish pleasure in large numbers, and even imagine that, by means of images of physical magnitude creating astonishment, they peculiarly enhance the sublimity of astronomical studies. The distance of the star 61 Cygni from the sun is 65,700 semi-diameters of the earth's orbit—a distance which light takes rather more than ten years to traverse, whilst it comes from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes 17.78 seconds. Sir John Herschel conjectured, from an ingenious combination of photometric estimations, that, supposing stars of the milky way which he saw glimmer in his twenty feet telescope to be newly formed luminous bodies, they would have required 2000 years thus to have sent us their first ray of light. All attempts to bring such numerical relations home to our imaginations fail, either from the vastness of the unit of measure employed, or from the vastness of the number of its repetitions."

The following extract pleasingly illustrates Humboldt's method of following up causal connexion. He is speaking of the peculiarities of variable stars:—

"From the probably great physical similarity of the luminous process in all the self-luminous celestial bodies (in the central body of our own planetary system, and in the remoter suns or fixed stars), it has long been justly pointed out how important a bearing the periodical or non-periodical variation of light in stars may possibly have on climatology in general,—on the history of the terrestrial atmosphere; i. e. on the varying quantity of heat received in the course of ages by our planet from solar radiation,—and on the condition of organic life, and its forms of development, in different latitudes. The variable star, *Mira*, *Ceti*, changes from the second to the eleventh magnitude, and even to entire disappearance; and we have just seen that *Eta*, *Argus*, has increased from the fourth



to the first magnitude, and even to the brightness of Canopus, and almost to that of Sirius. If only a very small part of such alterations of luminous intensity and radiant heat, either in the ascending or descending scale, should have taken place in our sun (and why should it be different from other suns?) they would have produced more powerful, and even more fearful consequences to our planet than are required for the explanation of all geological relations and ancient telluric revolutions."

Adam Smith defines a philosopher to be a person whose trade it is to do nothing and speculate on everything; Humboldt's philosophy has been to do everything, and then to allow his speculations to grow up as the natural results of his deeds and personal researches. *Cosmos* abounds in illustrations of the truth that the speculations of sound philosophy are deeds in their results.

*Southey's Common-Place Book. Fourth Series. Original Memoranda, &c.* Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. Longmans.

[Second Notice.]

THE method of common-placing, in the opinion of Johnson, consumed time without assisting memory. He held that what is twice read is better remembered than what is transcribed, and he therefore thought it folly to copy from books which a reference enables us to consult at will. Gibbon agreed with Johnson. He tried the plan according to the method of Locke, and laid it aside from experience of its disadvantages. Whenever the particulars are scattered and multitudinous, it seems convenient to collect the fragments into a single heap; and yet Southey's conclusions were nearly coincident with those of Johnson and Gibbon. It was a lesson, he said, he had learnt at no little price, that the time it took to make extracts from a borrowed book was worth more than the cost of the work. What was worse, he discovered too late that the system he pursued was ruinous to memory. There is no faculty of the mind more sharpened by use, or more blunted by inaction. Henderson, the actor, repeated to Dugald Stewart, after a single reading, such a portion of a newspaper, that the metaphysician thought it marvellous. "If, like me," said Henderson modestly, in reply to the exclamations of surprise, "you had trusted for your bread to getting words by heart, you would not be astonished that habit should produce facility." What Henderson would have committed to memory Southey committed to his manuscript volumes, and trusted to them so exclusively, that at last he retained nothing beyond general impressions. Want of practice was not alone the cause of the defect. His appetite for knowledge exceeded his or any man's digestion, and he would have recollected more had he read less. A light and rapid pressure of the seal is not sufficient to indent the understanding with a permanent image. Our rough forefathers were sensible of the truth, and sometimes stamped the body to assist the mind. There were parts of France where it was customary to whip the children at an execution, that they might never forget it. Marmontel, in his boyhood, was summoned suddenly to see a salamander in the fire. While he was watching it with wonder, his father gave him a tremendous box on the ear. "Now," said he, "you will always remember that you have seen a salamander." If the salamander was in the fire, young Marmontel might be said, without a violent figure, to be in the frying-pan. That

Southey was not trained in a school like this is a gain to the public, for what he accumulated he has now been enabled to bequeath; and it was a gain to himself, for while he fancied he was losing time, he was probably husbanding health and intellect. When he asserted, that in place of harvesting he ought in prudence to be threshing, he little thought how entirely prudence was the other way. Like the Chancellor Daguesseau, his only amusement was change of occupation, and it was fortunate that he devoted a portion of his day to seeking new materials, instead of straining his mind further to work up the old. The machine might have gone faster, but it would have worn out the sooner. His passion for hoarding knowledge may, as he said, have amounted to a failing; he may justly have compared himself to the persons who frequent sales, and fill their houses with useless purchases, because they may want them at a future day; but since he would have been composing if he had not been copying and collecting, his instinctive propensities led him by the safest and most profitable path.

"Cognizant as I am with every-day life," says Mr. Warter, in dismissing the fourth and final volume of the *Common-Place Book*, "and practical in my habits and my ways, I am a 'clerke of Oxenforde' withal, and a scholar,—such as the puny scholars of these days are! And, therefore, I lament to find that many errors in these volumes have escaped my notice, even after close and hard labour, and thick thinking too! But, when I state this, I think it right to add that no research, no looking into libraries, no correspondence with learned men, no labour on my own part, has been spared. Every sheet has taken up more hours in a day than are easily found,—and the making good a single reference has often made night and morning closer acquaintances than is good either for sight or health! Therefore, courteous reader, look gently upon confessed errors, and of thy candour, learned critic, correct them for me, and thou shalt have thanks,—the truest, the most unreserved! Ye will not have half the pleasure in correcting, I shall have in learning!"

There is neither learned critic nor courteous reader who would not think kindly of Mr. Warter, and wish to think well of his labours, for the sake of this modest and graceful apology. It is a pity he should have marred it by an affected style. Since he is a scholar of these days,—a ripe and good one no doubt—he need not scorn to write the language of the present time. Another species of pedantry in which he indulges, is to describe Southey by quotations. Any incidents of the laureate's life, or traits of his character, which Mr. Warter will communicate, the public, he may be sure, will gladly receive; but he should hew the statue for himself, and not be chipping fragments from other men's busts, which, however cunningly put together, will make a coarse and motley piece of work, and prove an indifferent likeness after all. These errors of taste, if such they are, take nothing from the value of the present publication, and we merely mention them now because they are likely to take from the value of future productions. But we have faults to find with the *Common-Place Book* itself. Many of the passages have been already interwoven in Southey's works—many bear the marks of his eccentricities of taste, and many, collected for purposes known to none but himself, are so intrinsically worthless, that, in the language of advertisements for lost property, "they are of no use to anybody except the owner." But the strangest fancy of all has been to print some of the extracts twice, for no better reason than

that they were twice transcribed by Southey. To produce the same guinea a second time is the less excusable that the editor tells us he was embarrassed with wealth. Indeed, the third series contains several index-like pages, which are of no other use as they stand than to indicate passages which interested Southey. We find ourselves in an Apothecary's shop, where we read the labels upon the drawers, and are debarred access to the contents. It is tantalising to meet such entries as 'an admirable passage,' 'an excellent anecdote,' and to be told by Mr. Warter to turn to the volume, which the librarian of the British Museum may be able to do, when a little economy of the space he has wantonly wasted would have permitted him to favour us with 'the excellent anecdote' and 'the admirable passage.' These are trifles; a graver charge remains. Everybody acquainted with Southey's writings is aware that, with a great deal of reverence for religion, he had an unhappy partiality for profane jests. It was his favourite weapon against hostile sects, and if his cause was lawful the weapon was not. "The tendency of this species of composition," says a wise old writer, "is to make sin ridiculous, whereas it ought to be made odious." Though there was no end to answer, he still luxuriated in levities which shock solemn minds. In youth and in age he talked of taking a postchaise in the eternal world to visit this author and that, and discuss with them matters which are hardly worthy to engage the attention of even mortal men. Heaven rose not awful and sublime upon his thoughts; he loved to degrade it to the likeness of our petty customs and petty concerns. Scripture was not privileged; believing it to be the Word of God, he likewise believed that he might make it the text for miserable mirth. This inconsistency in a man so pious and good—this handling of sacred things, now as a worshipper, and now as a buffoon,—has always excited equal wonder and blame. We are astonished that Mr. Warter,—a clergyman,—should partake so little of the general feeling as to publish a parody on the history of Noah,—nay, that he should have appended a note, implying approval, in which he tells us that "there is a most humorous letter of Southey's made up from this rigmorale, which, no doubt, some day or other will be printed." Never will any friend of Southey, or religion, print a burlesque application of the incidents of Scripture. The specimen given, though intended to be ludicrous, is as dull as it is profane. Southey was often happy in his strokes of satire; but his humour is in general the most pretentious and the least facetious which ever proceeded from a man of talent. However innocent the subject, it must have been painful to hear, if he expected any one to laugh. We are glad to pass from the cold climate of criticism into the warm sunshine of praise. The four volumes of the *Common-Place Book* are a vast storehouse of information,—useful for reference, for instruction, and for entertainment. They are the more to be prized that very little of the matter is familiar to the world. Southey's tree of knowledge seldom grew upon the hedge which lines the high road. His authors were few of them popular, and many of them unknown; for he was a diligent searcher among the rubbish of literature, and picked articles of value out of dust and cinders. This concluding series, which, in addition to extracts, contains many original memoranda, is the best of the four, but they are all good, and all bear testimony



to the varied acquirements both of the editor and the compiler. We cannot go quite so far as Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, who maintain that the student who will not exchange his coat and bed for the works of Howe, and his shirt for those of Owen, shows too much regard to his body and too little for his mind; but we will venture to assert that the buyers of Southey's stores will be richer in understanding than they are poorer in pocket. His notion that he was a man of such gigantic stature that only six in a generation were even tall enough to measure him, was absurd in the extreme. He was less remarkable for commanding elevation than for length of arm; he was able to embrace a great variety of subjects, and brought eager curiosity and a quick understanding to bear upon them all. These were the faculties which presided over the construction of the 'Common-Place Book,' and many who would not be at the trouble to open the oyster will be thankful for the pearl.

Among the original fragments are a few brief notices of Portuguese writers, expressed in language more nervous and picturesque than any we can remember from Southey's pen. He says of a heavy, unimpassioned poet, that "he struck the lyre with frost-bitten fingers;" he describes some Eclogues, which were wretched both in matter and style, as "having the soul of a driveller in the body of a paralytic;" and he compares his sensations, after reading an author whose sense was meagre and language obscure, to those of a person who has tired his jaws in cracking empty nuts. These finely descriptive images were produced, we suspect, in early manhood. With him they were hot-house plants which required forcing, and he soon ceased to have leisure for the process. Under the head of 'Sentences,' there are several maxims which are both good and characteristic:—

"I intend to be a hedge-hog, and roll myself up in my own prickles: all I regret is that I am not a porcupine, and endowed with the property of shooting them to annoy the beasts who come near enough to annoy me.

"If Momus had made a window in my breast, I would have made a shutter to it.

"The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

"A man is a fool if he be enraged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose."

An extract made by Southey from 'Brasbridge's Memoirs' expresses a truth so seldom discovered, and so needful to be known, that it deserves to be circulated throughout the land.

"It is a narrow and mistaken idea, to imagine that the sooner things wear out the better it is for trade. The grand principle is, to make them so that an increased number of families or individuals are desirous to have them."

From the lighter parts we will select the anecdotes which, as far as we know, have not hitherto been published.

"A navy surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day. 'Zounds, Will,' said a sailor, 'there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine chest.'

"A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, and had hardly ever been on shore, asked leave last week to have a trip by land, and proceeded to Alverstoke, where, for the first time in his life, he witnessed a funeral. When he returned on board at night, he could talk of nothing but what he had seen in the churchyard. 'Why, what d'ye think they does with the dead corpseses ashore?' said he to a shipmate. 'How should I

know?" said the other. 'Why, then, Bill, may I never stir,' replied Jack, 'but they puts 'em up in boxes and directs 'em.'

"An English sailor at the Island of St. Michael's was attacked by a Spaniard. 'I got the rascal down,' said he to the surgeon of his ship, 'and took a case of razors out of my pocket, and opened one of them. *The Devil bid me cut his throat, but God would not let me.*'"

The next story was told to Southey by Mr. Croker. It is almost needless to mention that the scene is laid in Ireland; for there is only one place in the world where the inhabitants could have hit upon such a happy method for dispersing disease:—"The deceased had complained of a pain in his bowels, and his comrades, to relieve him, had determined upon *spreading* the gripe. The way this was effected was by laying the patient on his back, and then putting a plank on his belly, upon which all the company stood and jumped." The scene of the next is America; but the answer is Irish still:—

"Servants in America object to answering a bell; they hold it unfit that Christians should be spoken to with a tongue of metal. Stamping or knocking is the usual way of calling them. A gentleman having company rang repeatedly. At last the servant came up, opened the door, put his head in, and cried, 'The more you ring, the more I won't come.'"

American pride is an easy virtue; Cambridge vanity demands the spirit of a martyr.

"A dandy who found fault with Chauncey Townshend's neckcloth, assured him that in Cambridge the neckcloth makes the man. Another of these fellows said that when he undressed at night it was like heaven, but that a man must suffer in order to be captivating.

"Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him *ill* all the days of his life.

"Some fifty or sixty years ago, Henry Erskine travelling through Winsley Dale, halted at Askrigg, and inquired of the landlord whether there was anything in the neighbourhood worthy of a stranger's notice. Boniface led him,—not to the falls of the Ure, nor to Hardra Scar, but into a field which had a cow-house in it, and a solitary tree. 'There, sir,' said the landlord, rubbing his hands with delight, 'do you see that cow-house, sir?' 'Yes.' 'And do you see that tree, sir?' That, sir, is a very remarkable place,—under that tree, sir, Rockingham was foaled."

This is an admirable illustration of the enthusiasm men feel for their own pursuit, be it ever so insignificant. The birth-place of Rockingham was to the inn-keeping jockey what Marathon is to the patriot and scholar. The cunning of lunatics is notorious, but was never exerted with more amusing effect than in the instance which follows:—

"A madman was conveyed from Rye to Bedlam. They slept in the Borough, and, suspecting whither they were taking him, he rose before sun-rise, went to Bedlam, and told the keepers that the next day he should bring them a patient. 'But in order to lead him willingly he has been persuaded that I am mad, and therefore I shall come as the madman. He will be very outrageous when you seize him, but you must clap on a strait-waistcoat.' Accordingly, the sane man was imprisoned, and the lunatic returned home. He entered a room full of his relations, told the story with exceeding glee, and immediately relapsed into his madness. The other man had a strait-waistcoat for about four days, before he was exchanged."

All the world have heard of the disappointment of Sir Walter Raleigh's gardener when he tasted the apples of the potato, which he supposed must be the precious part of the

plant. The original tasters of tea had no better luck.

"Miss Hutchinson's great-grandmother was one of a party who partook of the first pound of tea that ever came into Penrith. It was sent as a present, and without directions how to use it. They boiled the whole at once in a kettle, and set down to eat the *leaves* with butter and salt. They wondered how any person could like such a dish."

A beautiful trait of Hurd's, the poet, must not be omitted. He used to let the wheat-ears out of their traps, and leave their price for their ransom. This was to be just and generous both. Nor must we pass over a curious instance of the force of habit in a dog. He went every Sunday to Penkridge church during an entire year that the church was under repair, and passed the proper time in the family pew. Another anecdote, and we have done. Addison met with a page of Baxter's writings under a Christmas pie, and perusing it, conceived so high an idea of the author that he went and purchased the book. The page we have given from the Common-Place Book of Southey will be attended, we hope, with a similar result.

*Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-fishing.* By Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. Fourth Edition, with Illustrations. Murray.

GREAT men, like lesser beings, have their foibles, which with them become magnified through contrast with greatness. Davy prided himself on his fly-fishing, not on his chemistry. He knew his own pre-eminence as a chemist, but was not quite sure of his claim to be a lawgiver among fishermen; consequently he grew vain about his doubtful rather than his legitimate pretensions. Many sapient fishermen in these times have questioned his dicta on the rod and line; nevertheless, he did more than most of them—aye, than all of them put together could do; he wrote a charming book about their craft, as pleasant to read in this its fourth edition, as when it appeared new-born from the press.

People who have no personal acquaintance with philosophers believe them to be a grim and unamuseable race. We remember once witnessing the first introduction of a sound-headed country sportsman and an ingenious though unlearned sailor, neither of whom had ever sat side by side with professional men of science before, into a merry dinner party of which all the other human elements were scientific. They were uneasy and out of their element, until, to the surprise of each, one found a skilled and successful angler in the naturalist beside him, and the other a practical and experienced boatman in the geologist at his elbow. We would undertake, without travelling far, to furnish philosophers of various scientific callings who could ride a race, hunt a fox, shoot a snipe, cast a fly, pull an oar, sail a boat, dance a polka, sing a song, or mix a bowl against any man with unexercised brains, or even with none at all, in the United Kingdom.

There is no greater, or perhaps more prevalent mistake, than the supposition that intellectual development is inconsistent with a keen sense of enjoyment. There are, it is true, a considerable number of grave, dull, would-be sages, moving at a snail's pace, with a snail's gravity, through society—looking, as Oken says of snails in his transcendental philosophy, like so many prophesying goddesses seated on tripods. But true spectral beings are shams. Nine out of ten of them



maintain a philosophic fame only on the credit of an ominous and unbroken silence; the tenth on the strength of supporting some incomprehensible paradox which neither he nor the stupid people who listen to him comprehend. Your real philosopher is neither uncommunicative nor dogmatic; he utters his words of wisdom at the right time and place, but on ordinary occasions is like other men, and enjoys himself perhaps even more intensely when enjoyment is afloat. Davy was one of these, as every true man of genius is and has been. Hence the unaffected enthusiasm with which Sir Humphry plunged into stream and pool, and pursued his salmon-fishing hobby all over Europe.

And whilst the zest for pleasure humanizes the philosopher, his science and taste in turn elevate his pleasures. The objects of his sport become to him a source of interest such as they cannot be to common men. In their forms he delights to trace all-wise contrivance, and in their instincts the guidance of superhuman wisdom. He follows them to their haunts, marking every charm of the landscape on his way, and every turn and varying chance of his sport suggest reflections on men and things, fanciful analogies it may be, but not the less true; such as give eloquence to his tale of adventure, and render the records of his amusements as classical as these 'Conversations on Fly-fishing' by Davy.

*Modern Domestic Cookery; based on the well-known work of Mrs. Rundell. Murray.*

Good Mrs. Rundell is no more. The basting-ladle of our arch-cook, the sceptre of the gastronomic art, is henceforth to be wielded by Mr. Murray. After having ministered to our appetites and bodily comfort to the extent of 200,000 copies, Mrs. Rundell's labours, notwithstanding that they have been revised and re-revised again and again, to meet the enlightened palate of the age, now require to be remodelled. 'Mrs. Rundell's Cookery Book' is now and for ever to be known as 'Murray's Cookery Book,' and its claim to rank as a new work is supported by the following summary of 'novel features,'—"the great increase in the number and variety of receipts, set forth in a clearer type than before; a greater simplification of language, in order to render the receipts more easy of comprehension; the illustrative woodcuts which adorn the present volume; the new system of numbering every separate receipt, to facilitate reference; the mode of printing in figures all numbers and quantities, for the sake of clearness; and lastly, the tables for computing household accounts." The cover of the book, moreover, is stamped in bold relief with a number of useful kitchen utensils, including a significant gilded clock, to denote that punctuality is the soul of cookery.

These multitudinous improvements appear to have been made with care, and the substantial bulk of the volume, numbering 650 pages, is a proof that the 'additional receipts,' 880 in number, unlike the 'additional lamps' at Vauxhall, are really given.

The value of 'Murray's Modern Domestic Cookery' consists in its plainness and practicability. The experimental and impracticable character of the fashionable modern cookery books had led us to fear that a great deal too much of the national time would be wasted in culinary trifling, and that we were about to exchange the roast-beef of Old England for the *paté de foi gras* of our volatile neighbours.

For the honour of British cooks, and for the comfort of British digestion, Mr. Murray comes forward to the rescue.

Then let not Soyer's treacherous skill,  
Nor Verey's, try thy peptic forces;  
One comes to swallow many a pill  
Where many a course is!

He dines unscathed who dines alone!  
Or shuns abroad those corner dishes;  
No Roman garlies make him groan,  
Nor matelotte fishes.

With mushroomed dishes cease to strive;  
Nor for that truffled crime inquire,  
Which nails the hapless goose alive  
At Strasburg's fire.

Sound sleep renounces sugared pease!  
No nightmares haunt the modest ration  
Of tender steak that yields with ease  
To mastication!

From stews and steams that round them play,  
How many a tempting dish would floor us,  
Had nature made no toll to pay,  
At the Pylorus!

Happy the man whose prudent care  
Plain meat affects, at most a curry,  
Content to live on homely fare,  
As cooked by Murray.

*Eastbury. A Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury. Pickering.*

FRANCIS JEFFREY said of Fielding's novels that there were few works of greater historical value. "We should really," he said, "be at a loss where to find in any authentic documents of the same period so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political, and religious feeling in the reign of George II." Higher praise could not be awarded to the genius of Fielding than is implied in this remark of the prince of critics. The perfection of art lies in its truthfulness to nature. The most successful writers of fiction, whether in prose or verse, are those who, with requisite skill of selection and arrangement, draw their descriptions from the verities of life and the world around them.

The charm of this pretty rural tale is that it gives a faithful picture of life and manners in an English country parish in our own times. It bears that stamp of historical value which Jeffrey praised in the novels of Fielding. To those living at a distance from such scenes, to the dwellers in great towns, for instance, or to Scotch cousins or American friends, or to any who wish to know what goes on in English village life in the days of Queen Victoria, we would say, read among other books Miss Drury's tale of 'Eastbury.' Old ancestral mansions, noble parks, green lanes, open commons, the parish church, and school, and rectory; the village with its rural peace and pleasure, with its gossipings also, and grumblings, and feuds; the loves, hatreds, hopes, fears, and other passions stirring alike in hall and cottage; pauperism, wrongs of the people, chartist outbreaks; true religion working where it can to increase the good and diminish the evil of life;—such are the scenes and subjects which the authoress has worked up into her instructive and interesting tale. The story itself is, for the most part, well told, the incidents varied, and the characters well drawn. The moral and religious tone of the book is praiseworthy, and the talent and good feeling of the writer throughout conspicuous. But to this preliminary praise must be added censure for various faults, which we will point out, both for purposes of general criticism,

and because we believe that the writer of 'Eastbury' is capable, by care and culture, of better things.

By means of a railway journey from London, we are brought at once into the heart of England and of the story. Julia Seymour, the heroine of the book, is returning home from school and from a visit to some town friends. In the carriage are three fellow-travellers, intending, it appears, to stop at the same station. One is an old irritable gentleman, restless and ill-tempered, who, during the first part of the journey, when not grumbling, is busy referring to letters, and making notes in a red morocco memorandum book. The second is a lady between forty and fifty, harsh-featured and stiff-mannered, her cold steady eye looking like a sentinel on perpetual duty. The other is a young lady of great beauty, but with an expression of pensive melancholy, apparently timid and subdued in the presence of the others. At a refreshment station where the others alighted, and the two young ladies were left alone, the relief of Beatrice is obvious, and the conversation then interests Julia the more in her favour. On arriving at the station, she learns from her brother, who comes to meet her, that this is Lord Eustace, their neighbour at the hall. The watchful attendant of his daughter Beatrice is a Mrs. Hargrave. On leaving the train, the red pocket book is missing, and this loss connects itself with the story. The Seymours come to Eastbury, where their parents, Sir John and Lady Seymour, and her mother, Lady Lovel, welcome Julia. That night a convenient fire in the village brings out most of the other characters of the tale, and especially the young rector, Lionel Revis, whose courage and activity, and his kindness and attention afterwards to the sufferers, wins the praise of the whole village. The admiration which Julia from the first feels for him gradually ripens into love, which becoming mutual, the book ends with their happy union. In Lionel Revis we are presented with a model clergyman; his person, spirit, and works being set forth as worthy of all praise. Some pardonable exaggeration of course there is, but we may observe that there are many things in the management of his parish worthy of general imitation, and country ministers will meet with practical hints in Miss Drury's tale which they will not find in Bishop Burnet's 'Pastoral Care' or Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor.' The visitation of the parish, in the third chapter, is well written, and brings us in contact with much variety of character. Julia Seymour, at first over-romantic and lively, but with sense beyond her years, under the wise guidance of Lionel and the pious training of old Lady Lovel, and the good companionship of Jane Barnard, the curate's daughter, rapidly becomes all that could be desired in a pastor's wife and helpmeet. The family of the Barnards is the best marked group in the story. Old Mr. Barnard, the curate, is a good-hearted but indolent man, so that they used to say in the village, "to get a thing done, a tap at the rector's window is worth ten knocks at the curate's door; for one does it in less time than the other takes in promising; and yet he will do a kindness to any one who isn't in a hurry for it, and would do more if he had a different sort of wife." This wife was not only a sad hindrance to the curate, but the nuisance of the neighbourhood; always dropping in at unseasonable times, foraging, or fishing for news; expert also at carrying off



extorted presents, and constantly borrowing, or up to some meanness, which make her a most contemptible person, yet amusing from the cleverness of her cunning. Her two daughters, Letitia and Esther Bellamy, Litty and Hetty, are such as we might expect from such a mother, and we do not wonder that the poor curate in their hands became listless and dispirited, or that his own daughter Jane by a former marriage had a miserable life of it at home. He was always, however, active and happy in his employment as teacher of the village school, and Mr. Revis's best visitor and helper. "Do not leave me to Mr. Barnard," was the entreaty of an old woman to the rector, "he'll put me off, and put me off, and at last he'll send Miss Jane." Mr. Revis succeeded, however, at last in working an improvement in the curate, and even in the Misses Bellamy. Other capital portraits we have in Mr. Loyd, the village doctor, and his sister, a perfect specimen of the old maid of the good class, kind and benevolent, surrounded with abundant comforts, and lavish in the gifts and recommendation of her home-made messes. Sir John Seymour is also happily sketched; but of all perhaps the most pleasing is the venerable and good Lady Lovel, "in whose benignant face the struggler might read sympathy and the penitent might look for comfort. The suns and shadows of a long and chequered life had left many a line on her placid brow; but they were all as things gone by; she was near her rest, and she knew it; and the light of the city on whose borders she was waiting was reflected in the serenity of her smile."

The most striking incidents of the tale are connected with Eustace Hall and its inhabitants. There is first of all the peer, haughty and reserved to all except to Mrs. Hargrave, who by adroit management has gained command over his temper, and accommodates herself to his prejudices and ways. She had been governess in the family of the peer's elder brother. For some service formerly rendered, Mrs. Hargrave had so gained the friendship of the present Lord Eustace, as to have been installed thenceforth as the manager of his household. By her his lordship was directed in all his home affairs, and in the management of his estate by his agent, Mr. Hargrave, a cousin of the lady. Hargrave was a hard-hearted tyrant, and by his treatment of the poor, with which the haughty landlord did not much interfere, he drove them to be ready subjects for chartist agitators. The sense of wrong came to its height at the harsh ejection of some cottagers, and the outbreak ended in a midnight attack upon the Hall, the storming of which was prevented by the timely arrival of Lionel Revis with assistance. The guilty terror of the Hargraves, and the noble demeanour of Beatrice in the time of the danger, are finely portrayed. Lord Eustace was in London at the time, and the first scene on his return shows him entering a room which he always kept locked, but which to his surprise he found open, and Beatrice standing beside an opened desk, in which he kept his will and private documents. In vain she endeavoured to explain that the door had been forced in order to get at some armour on the night of the attack, and that she had entered on seeing Mrs. Hargrave reading the papers at the desk, who had just left the room. So enraged was the father, that in wild grief she left the Hall, and in the darkness of a tempestuous night would have perished in the river but for the providential

help of the hero of the tale. She was taken to the Seymours' house, and for some time was unable to be moved, on account of a fever which the excitement and the narrow escape from drowning had brought on. During the illness, various circumstances transpired by which gradually the dark mystery is cleared up which had rested on the story of Beatrice throughout the volume. The unaccountable coldness and aversion of her father, which it seemed the chief business of Mrs. Hargrave to keep up; the knowledge of some secret concerning her, by the threatened revelation of which that tyrannical intriguer retained her influence; the consciousness of some crime which ever haunted her, and the rooted sorrow of which could never be plucked from her memory, yet through the gloomy melancholy the light of a joyous noble spirit struggling to break;—all this keeps up a lively interest in her, and we are not surprised at the reasonable friendship that grew between her and Julia, during whose visit to the Hall strange discoveries were made. To the book itself we must refer for the unravelling of the plot, in which it turns out that Beatrice was the daughter of Lord Eustace's brother, and had been changed in infancy for his own dead child, at the suggestion of Mrs. Hargrave. The secret by which such terror was maintained was the death of a cousin, through her having given poison instead of medicine. But the nurse who attended the boy being discovered, declared that Mrs. Hargrave had herself committed the fatal mistake, and had bribed the nurse to silence, accusing Beatrice, who had previously administered the right medicine. How all this came out by the help of the lost memorandum book, and of Sir John Seymour's butler, Gotham, who had been in the doctor's service, is cleverly told; but we must merely say that the winding up of the story is most satisfactory, and the establishment of the good with the confusion of the bad, is effected according to the most approved methods of authorship.

As Miss Drury hints at a continuation of 'Eastbury,' or some other tale in which Lionel and his friends, and especially Beatrice, might figure, we think it well to offer the following suggestions. In the first place, whatever is done or said in works of fiction, ought to be within the range of physical or moral probability. Let the incidents be ever so strange and unusual, still there should remain likelihood of truth. In the history of Beatrice, it is highly improbable that grief without guilt could have produced the state of mind which is so ably described. It is still more improbable that for so many years she could submit to such wretchedness and slavery, without that confession which would have brought relief and freedom. We expect, all through the tale, to have the disclosure of some deed of darkness, and, at last, there is but an innocent, though fatal, mistake, even of which mistake she was guiltless. The same inattention to probability admits such scenes as the Chartist cottager aiming a blow at Beatrice's head with his club, because she could not answer his petition; or Lionel stalking in so undignified a way across the field, and disappearing over the hedge, because of the presence of the unwelcome Mr. Durant. So, also, as to words; the way in which Mr. Gotham announced to Sir John Seymour the fire in the village is unnaturally caricatured. Some butlers are pompous and verbose, and Gotham is dismally tiresome, but that scene is improbable beyond all toleration. Another

fault, also, is the over-description of the several characters. There is great art in leaving persons to describe themselves by their own acts and words. The reader is flattered besides in the filling up of the sketches being left to his own imagination, instead of all being minutely narrated. Lastly, there is room for much improvement in the difficult art of keeping up good dialogue. There is too much of what is understood by speechifying, as opposed to speaking. There is the stiffness of written, instead of the naturalness of spoken, language. These things being attended to, there are few writers at present of greater promise than the authoress of 'Eastbury.' We would advise her to submit the manuscript of her next work before publication to some prudent friend, who, without fondness or flattery, would indicate such weak points as we have referred to. She might benefit by the criticism of Dr. Nathaniel Hooper, whom she playfully leaves at the examination of Mr. Revis' great 'Commentary.' We shall be glad to meet Miss Drury again.

#### SUMMARY.

*Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By M. A. E. Green. Vol. III. Colburn.

It is satisfactory to find by this volume that the labours of this accomplished authoress, which she commenced eight years ago, are progressing with vigour and research; the delay in the publication having arisen only from the necessity for examining masses of unsorted papers and uncalendered records. The volume before us, which we may possibly return to, embraces the period from the first to the fourth Edward, and besides many stirring passages from Scottish history, contains much that is new in the lives of Isabella de Concy, and of Blanche and Philippa, the daughters of Henry IV., collected from letters in the Cottonian collection and other MS. sources.

*An Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England.* With Illustrations. By E. A. Freeman, M.A. Parker.

ALTHOUGH assuming the unpretending title of an essay, this work, by the author of 'The History of Architecture,' possesses all the value and importance of a systematic treatise, and as a subject intimately connected with the improvement of our ecclesiastical architecture is of high interest. It consists principally of papers read by Mr. Freeman before the Oxford Architectural Society, at different times, revised and augmented. Students of Gothic architecture are much indebted to the author for his classification of windows into Lancet, Geometrical, Flowing, and Perpendicular—a view that has received the approval and application of several eminent writers upon the subject. The work is of a purely architectural character, and avoiding all the disputed matters of 'architectural symbolism' and fancied allegory, is the more acceptable to persons of taste and reading.

*Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart.* Edited by his Son, Charles Buxton, Esq., B.A. Third Edition. 8vo. Murray.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON was a fine example of enlightened benevolence and religious philanthropy; and this new edition of his biography is an evidence of the interest that attaches to his career.

*Orations.* By the Rev. J. W. Lester, B.A. Pickering.

THE title of this little volume is rather imposing, but the author has the tact to anticipate this feeling by explaining, in a prefatory note, that he did not know any name more appropriate, "the papers not being essays, and neither simple nor spiritual enough for sermons." The subjects are the highest that can engage human thought, of which the author is earnestly conscious, and he strives throughout to rise to the height of his great argu-



ment. At first the style is very striking, but as we proceed we find a monotonous sameness which is tiresome. The chief artifice of Mr. Lester's composition, and that which forms the peculiarity of his style, is a frequent repetition of the same word in many successive short sentences, after the following fashion:—"Every good shall die. Every ray of hope shall die. Every idea of future blessedness shall die. Every resolve of hallowed obedience, every repentant feeling, every sorrowful emotion shall die." Mr. Lester's writing has been much, and we think unduly, praised; but the goodness of his matter outweighs the badness of his style.

*Horæ Vacivæ. A Thought-Book.* Collected and Edited by James Elmes. Longmans.

THIS is a collection of thoughts and maxims of the old wise spirits of all ages and all countries. Few could have formed a common-place book in compilation so copious and varied, in selection so judicious. It is a volume of much value; and in typography and external appearance one also of great beauty.

*The Book of Nature: an Elementary Introduction to the Sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, and Physiology.* By Frederick Schoedler, Ph. D. Edited from the fifth German Edition by Henry Medlock, F.C.S. Griffin and Co.

IN many respects this is a valuable work, and for those who may desire to obtain some general knowledge of 'The Book of Nature,' as it is interpreted by the investigations of science, it will be found to be a useful study. We are disposed to think that, notwithstanding the powers of the author, he would have done better service as the popular exponent of science, if he had confined himself within a narrow circle. No single mind can so fully embrace all the subjects included in the title of this work as to write well and correctly on them, and we find, notwithstanding the correctness of Schoedler's chemical philosophy, that his physics are not unfrequently in error, and his astronomy often obscure; his explanations of great phenomena are insufficient, and in these points the book has not been improved by the editor—also a chemist—who has devoted more care to the chemical than to any other section of the work. These are drawbacks to a work which certainly contains a large amount of important information. The present volume includes physics, astronomy, and chemistry; the second volume will include all the other divisions of the subject, which we cannot avoid thinking would gain by being passed under the supervision of a naturalist. It is copiously illustrated, though many of the woodcuts are familiar acquaintances, having already appeared in two English translations of Müller's 'Physics and Meteorology,' to which work Frederick Schoedler is under serious obligations.

*A Memoir of Ireland in 1850.* By an Ex-M.P. Dublin: M'Glashan. London: Ridgway.

"CLAP your shoulder to the wheel," said Jupiter of old to the Irish carman, who sat in his cart praying the god to take it out of the mire in which it had stuck fast. "Clap your shoulder to the wheel," says the British Jupiter to the Irish landlord; "alight, relieve your estate and tenantry of the dead weight of your debts for past or present extravagance; take your proper position in life according to your real not your fancied means; and with those means strive yourself to bring your cart on the high road of industry and prosperity." This is the advice and help administered by the British Parliament to the gentry, the M.P.'s and ex-M.P.'s of Ireland. The principle is sound, but the lamentation over its effects upon the upper class of Irish society is not calculated to raise much sympathy among those who see in our streets the condition of their lower class and tenantry.

*Remarks on Geography as a Branch of Popular Education, chiefly with Reference to the Principles upon which it should be Taught in Normal Schools.* By W. Hughes. Bell.

GEOGRAPHY is naturally and closely connected with so many other branches of knowledge, that it should be the ground-work of education in all schools that

are not classical. Yet no branch is so ill taught in our common English schools. Let any parent ask his children what they have been learning in the name of geography. He will find it has been the committing to memory a kind of Post-Office Directory—a list of names of towns and countries of which the knowledge is no doubt useful, but not improving to the mind, or entitled to supersede geographical science. Parents should not only read this pamphlet, but should insist that the geography which figures in the half-yearly school account, should not be merely an extract from the Gazetteer, but should be the science of geography taught on the system explained by Mr. Hughes.

*Directions for the Preservation of English Antiquities.* By John Yonge Akerman, F.A.S. Smith.

A NEAT little brochure by the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, distributed gratis, and at the nominal price of a penny, with a view to the preservation of those objects of antiquity which come more especially under the notice of the agricultural labourer. Ancient British and Anglo-Saxon remains, comprising torques or collars, stone hammers, hatchets, beads, flint arrow-heads, spear-heads, coins, swords, armlets, urns, brooches, knife-blades, bosses of shields, &c., are described in very concise and intelligible terms, and many of the objects are illustrated by wood-engravings. We recommend all lovers of antiquarian relics to purchase this little save-all by the hundred, and distribute it by the dozen.

*To-morrow! The Results and Tendencies of National Exhibitions, deduced from strict Historic Parallels.*

By Historia. Saunders and Otley.

THIS extraordinary essay is beyond criticism. It would scarcely be dealing fairly with the author to characterise it seriously as a profane attempt to draw a parallel between the righteous erection of the crystal palace in Hyde Park and the ungodly rearing of the Tower of Babel on the plains of Shinar, as he is evidently of unsound mind.

*Why must we Educate the Whole People? And what Prevents our doing it?* By the Rev. Foster Barham Zinke. Groombridge and Sons.

THE last three years of the history of the most educated people in Europe—the Prussian, and other German populations,—their childish schemes of 1848, their unprincipled and aggressive war of 1848, 1849, and 1850, against Denmark, and their supine acquiescence in 1850 and 1851 to any measures of despotic power, make all men in this country ask what is the value of this state-education of the whole people? If these be its fruits, national education on the German model, in schools and under teachers licensed by a Government-board, is not the education suitable to the people of this country. Ignorance is an evil, but a slavish mind, of trifling habits, eager for amusement and novelty, and incapable of self-government, or of carrying out with perseverance any object in political or private life, is a greater evil than ignorance. The compulsory state-managed education of the Continental countries has reared a population of this character, and people in this country will pause before adopting such a system.

*Lectures on the Scripture Revelations respecting Good and Evil Angels.* By a Country Pastor. Parker.

IN these Lectures the author's aim is to expound the Scripture revelations concerning those superhuman beings, good and evil, of whose agency the sacred writers make mention. He avoids entering upon conjectures, which many ingenious men have raised as to the world of spirits, but, at the same time, no speculation is shunned upon which the Word of God throws light. Those parts of the book in which the doubts and objections of sceptics and rationalists are met display much able reasoning. Two of the eight lectures treat of the demoniacal possession of former times, and of the present modes of Satanic agency. The work, on the whole, is scriptural in its statements, solid in its arguments, and sound in its conclusions.

*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.*

By John Timbs. Bogue.

THERE are few literary tasks more difficult than to compile judiciously. It is not so easy a thing to

use the scissors and paste as it may appear to those who have not tried the experiment. Mr. Timbs professes to do no more than this; but he does it with the skill of a practised hand, and thus, year after year, his 'Book of Facts,' recording the progress of truth, claims and secures the attention of the public. We are not sure that the task is this year quite so well executed as it might have been. Many things, such as the claims in patents of very doubtful value, appear to have crept in, without sufficient reflection on the part of the compiler. Still, from the large amount of most valuable matter which is gathered together within the compass of a pocket volume,—matter gathered from the scientific journals of all nations, and other sources,—the 'Year-Book of Facts' deserves to be commended.

*Knight's Excursion Companion.* Part I. Knight. THIS work is just the one we have often desired when we have found ourselves upon a line of railroad to which we were strangers, or when we were proceeding for a few days to some new locality. It gives that amount of information which almost every traveller desires connected with the history and antiquities of each district. It directs the sojourner to the most interesting scenes, and informs him alike of "haunts for holy quiet made," and of those points from which the excitement of "life on the ocean wave" may be surveyed. We speak particularly of this, the first part, which leads us to Brighton and Worthing, to Lewes and Hastings, to Canterbury and Dover, and to the Isle of Thanet and Deal. We can scarcely imagine it possible to do more within the limits of a guide-book than is accomplished in this specimen of the 'Excursion Companion.' We rather regret that Mr. Knight has not adopted the duodecimo form, since that size would be far more convenient as a pocket-companion than the octavo.

*Christmas Morning; or, The Little Ink-cask.* Translated from the German of Dr. Barth. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

THIS little book—one of the 'Sunday and Nursery Library,'—deserves especial commendation; it is at once of the highest interest to the child, awakening the sympathies at every page, and of the purest moral aim, teaching a lesson of goodness in every chapter. The Germans show that they have an aptitude for the creation of works of imagination of an instructive character, which far surpass any examples of the same class produced by English authors. Dr. Barth, in particular, has worked with diligence and success in this important line, and all his books for children are of the purest and holiest kind. We mean not, by this, that we have any of those forced introductions of Scriptural passages, which are the principal features of many of the juvenile tales of our own language; but here, flowing in naturally as the expression of virtuous and simple feelings, the finest Christian precepts are impressed on the young memory; and the excellent moral, that we may, to a great extent, make or mar our own happiness, is brought out in the utmost clearness, and placed, too, within the limits of a child's comprehension.

*The Advancement of Learning.* By Lord Bacon. Pickering.

IN reprinting 'The Advancement of Learning,' Mr. Pickering has given a most welcome addition to his valuable series of old English classical works. The name of Basil Montagu is sufficient guarantee as to the carefulness of the editing. He has also prefixed a useful and well-written prefatory notice. The typography and style of the volume, which in this instance are appropriate to the subject, are all that could be desired for such a work.

*Money; how Old Brown made it and Young Brown spent it.* Complete in Two Parts. By Luke Limner, Esq. Ackermann and Co.

A SERIES of sketches in outline, showing considerable power of drawing and a keen relish for caricature, not pretending to make us think less of Hogarth's inimitable 'Marriage à la Mode,' but nevertheless, by their clever treatment of similar subjects in a like vein, calling to mind the works of that most remarkable stereotyper of the people and manners of his time.



## CLASSICAL WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN GERMANY.

*Zeitschrift für vergleichende Sprachforschung auf dem Gebiete des Deutschen, Griechischen und Lateinischen.* Edited by Dr. Aufrecht and Dr. Kuhn. First Part. Berlin.

THIS first number of a new periodical devoted to comparative philology starts well. It contains, among other articles, two on German etymology by Jacob Grimm, and one on Greek etymology by C. Curtius. We are rather surprised, however, to see a new periodical of this kind, as the one already in existence, edited by Hofer, meets, we are told, with no great measure of support.

*Geschichte der Klassischen Philologie im Alterthum.* By Dr. A. Gräfenham. Vol. IV. 8vo. Bonn.

THIS fourth volume of the 'History of Classical Philology in Antiquity,' of which the first was published in 1843, completes the work. It is by far the most comprehensive treatise on the subject which has yet appeared, and forms an indispensable supplement to all histories of Greek and Roman literature.

*Quinti Smyrnaei Posthomericon Libri XIV.* Recensuit Prolegomenis et Adnotatione critica instruxit Arminius Koechly. 8vo. Leipzig.

FEW scholars have either inclination or occasion to read the rapid verses of Quintus Smyrnaeus; but those who have will find everything in this edition which they can possibly need. It contains copious prolegomena, and a valuable critical commentary, and ought to be procured for every public library.

*Grundriss der Römischen Literatur: Zweite Bearbeitung.* By G. Bernhardt. 8vo. Halle.

THIS history of Roman literature is a vast improvement upon the author's original work upon the same subject. In its present form it is in many respects superior to Bähr's 'History of Roman Literature,' of which an English translation has been lately announced.

*Geschichte der Griechischen Literatur.* By Dr. E. Munk. Vol. II. 8vo. Berlin.

THIS second volume of Dr. Munk's 'History of Greek Literature' is devoted to the prose writers, the first volume having contained an account of the poets. The work is intended for the higher classes in public schools and for the general reader. It is free from all learned disquisitions on controverted points, and is written in an easy and pleasing manner. The present volume contains nearly 700 pages, of which almost 400 are devoted to Plato alone.

*Die Unteritalischen Dialekte.* By Theodore Mommsen. 4to. Leipzig.

*Ueber das Römische Münzwesen.* By Theodore Mommsen. 4to. Leipzig.

DR. MOMMSEN has paid great attention to the languages of the ancient nations of Italy, and the first of the works mentioned above is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject. The work on the Roman coins also demands the attention of the numismatologist and the scholar.

*Plutarch über Isis und Osiris nach neuverglichenen Handschriften mit Übersetzung und Erläuterungen.* Edited by Gustav Parthey. Berlin.

WE would strongly recommend this volume to all students of Egyptian antiquity. Plutarch's treatise on Isis and Osiris presents by far the most valuable account which has come down to us of the mysteries of Egyptian mythology. The present volume contains, as the title imports, a new edition of the text of Plutarch's 'Treatise on Isis and Osiris,' accompanied by a German translation and notes. In the latter the editor has availed himself of the labours of the best modern Egyptologists, and has thrown much light upon many passages in the original.

*Griechische Mythologie.* By Dr. Emil Braun. Parts I. and II. 8vo. Hamburg and Gotha.

THIS is a popular account of Greek mythology, by the late secretary of the Archaeological Society at Rome.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Billing's (R. W.) Power of Form, royal 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Bentley's (J.) Health Made Easy 18mo, 1s., and 1s. 6d.  
 Broad Line Drawing-Book, oblong, cl., 4s., coloured, 7s. 6d.  
 Cambier's (G.) Recueil, 12mo, roan, 5s.  
 Clayton's (Rev. C.) Parochial Sermons, 2nd edition, 8vo, 6s.  
 Cobbin's (Rev. I.) Scripture Light on Popish Darkness, 1s.  
 Cochrane's (Rev. J.) Discourses on Difficult Texts of Scripture, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Cochrane's (Rev. J.) Companion to the Lord's Supper, 1s. 6d.  
 D'Aubigné's Rationalism and Popery Refuted, 12mo, 2s.  
 Demosthenes' Oration on the Crown, English Notes by Arnold, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.  
 Duncan's (J. F.) God in Disease, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
 Eda Morton, second edition, cloth, 6s.  
 Edwards' First Greek Reader, fourth edition, 12mo, cl., 4s.  
 Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Vol. 12: Ramsay's Royal Antiquities, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
 Eulenstein's German Grammar, third edition, 12mo, cl., 4s.  
 Forbes' (F. E.) Dahomey and Dahomans, 2 vols., 8vo, 21s.  
 Grandineau's French Conversations, eighth edition, 12mo, 3s.  
 Gwilt's Encyclopædia of Architecture, second edition, with Supplement, 8vo, cloth, £2 12s. 6d.  
 Gwilt's Supplement to Encyclop. of Architecture, 8vo, 6s.  
 Hakewell's (E. C.) Essay on the Ark, Tabernacle, and Temple, royal 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
 Hay's (D. R.) Geometric Beauty of Human Figure, 30s.  
 Hazlitt's (W.) Classical Gazetteer, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.  
 Index to the First Thirty-Three Volumes of the Medical-Chirurgical Society Transactions, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Johnson's (C. W.) The Fertilizers, third edition, post 8vo, 8s.  
 Lectures to Young Men, 1850, 2nd edition, 12mo, cl., 3s. 6d.  
 Lee's Laws of Shipping and Insurance, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Mayo's Philosophy of Living, third edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Memoirs of Gonsalve Hernandez de Cordova, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Moore's (G. B.) Principles of Colour, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Peile's (Rev. Dr.) Annotations on Epistles, Vol. 3: "Thessalonians," "Hebrews," 8vo, 13s.  
 Philippe's (Louis) Life, by L. G. Michaud, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
 Readings for Every Day in Lent, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Reid's (Dr.) Rudiments of Chemistry, fourth edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Robertson's (J.) Essays and Notes on Physiology and Diseases of Women, 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
 Rovings in the Pacific, 1837 to 1849, 2 vols. post 8vo, cl., 21s.  
 Scott's (P.) Lelio Hervor, and other Poems, 12mo, cl., 5s.  
 Smyth's (Rev. C. B.) Christian Metaphysics, 8vo, cloth, 7s.  
 Stuart's (Hon. H. W. V.) Eve of the Deluge, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.  
 Stephen's Book of the Farm, Part 3, 18s. 6d.  
 Symon's Merchant Seaman's Law, fourth edition, 12mo, 5s.  
 Training School Song Book, 3s. 6d.  
 Walker's (Rev. S. A.) Papacy, 18mo, 1s. 6d.  
 Warren's Duties of Attornies, second edition, 12mo, 9s.  
 Wood's (H.) Grammatical Reading, eighth edition, 2s. 6d.  
 Yearsley's Throat and Tonsil, fourth edition, 8vo, cloth, 5s.

## MRS. SHELLEY.

WE have to record the demise of this lady, the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, and the authoress of 'Frankenstein,' 'Lodore,' 'The Last Man,' and other works of less note. 'Frankenstein,' 'that wild and wondrous tale,' excited more attention on its appearance, and has been more generally read, than any of her later publications. It is not, however, as the authoress even of 'Frankenstein' that she derives her most enduring and endearing title to our affectionate remembrance, but as the faithful and devoted wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley. We may be permitted to express a hope, even thus early, that she has left sufficient materials for his biography—which still remains to be written. We know that this was an object ever present to her, though she felt that its realization "would come more gracefully from other hands than hers." In her preface to the collected edition of Shelley's 'Poetical Works,' (we write from the edition of 1839,) she observes, referring to the occurrences of his private life, "No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality, either as regards himself or others." But her mind was even then impressed with the idea that "the time had not arrived to narrate the truth." Now, however, the period that has elapsed since Shelley's melancholy death in 1823 is sufficient for all animosities to have cooled, and for a just and impartial appreciation not only of his merits and defects, but of his virtues and errors. The delineation of his mind requires a master hand, and it must be profaned by no other. As Mrs. Shelley, in the preface to the posthumous poems published in 1824, names Leigh Hunt as "the person best calculated for such an undertaking," we feel at liberty to remind those into whose possession his papers and correspondence have come, that Shelley's companion and friend is still among us to offer this last tribute to the Poet's memory.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Feb. 19th.

THE Congress of the learned societies of France, which is to meet to-morrow at the Luxembourg for a week's session, will, in addition to questions relative to geology, archaeology, and other branches of science, enter into an elaborate examination of the different idioms or *patois*,—their origin, the changes they have undergone, the works published in them, the number of the population, by whom spoken, and so on. These *patois* form a subject of considerable philological and literary interest; and of late years have been taken up with great zeal by several learned men of eminence, and have, moreover, called into existence, in different departments, associations for publishing, by means of subscription, old *patois* legends, and works illustrative of local history. But it seems to me that the word *patois*, as generally used in France, is strangely misapplied; for instance, the French call the 'dialect,' as we should say, of Normandy, Picardy, Champagne, and other provinces, *patois*, though it is French spoken with a peculiar accent, and with the peculiar pronunciation or changes of certain words, just as the Somersetshire, or Yorkshire, or Northumbrian dialect is, at bottom, English. But they also call *patois* the languages of Brittany, Languedoc, Provence, the Roussillon, and Flanders, though they are Gaelic, Oc, Provençal, Basque, and Flemish,—that is, perfectly different languages, or, at best, a cross between two separate tongues. Any one well acquainted with French can easily understand the Normand, the Picard, or the Champenois peasant; but send a Parisian, knowing nothing but French, amongst the peasants of Provence, or Brittany, or of the neighbourhood of Bayonne, or of Lille, and he will no more be able to understand them than he would the denizens of Timbuctoo, if he were suddenly removed to that hot city. The manner in which the mass of the population of many of the provinces of France have maintained their own peculiar tongue, for generation after generation, in spite of their indissoluble amalgamation into one great people under the same government and the same laws, is, I think, one of not the least remarkable spectacles of the present day. One might, indeed, almost venture to compare the tenacity with which they cling to their language to that with which the Jews maintain their faith; for, like the Jews, they were once independent powers, or in not unwilling subjection to some foreign potentate,—like the Jews they have become part and parcel of the nation to which they now belong, and, like them, are as devotedly attached to it as the best of its sons,—and, like the Jews, they yield implicit obedience to every law, yet still reserve with cherished affection one thing, which shows that they were not originally of the same kindred or the same race. And it is, too, very singular to reflect that whilst the French language has become so widely known throughout the civilised world, that it is the general means of communication between men of different countries, and would assuredly be chosen as the universal language of all mankind, if it were possible to establish one—it is strange, I say, to reflect that whilst French is thus spoken by millions of foreigners, there are millions of Frenchmen who cannot speak it at all.

It has often occasioned surprise that no complete edition of Diderot has ever been published, though there are extant collections of his writings which profess to be so. It is not likely that, in these sad times, any publisher will have courage to undertake such an important enterprise; but we are shortly promised the publication of a comedy which the philosopher wrote in his *momens perdus*, and which we are assured is as terse, telling, and sparkling as any of Molière or Sheridan. It is said, moreover, that it possesses somewhat extraordinary interest from the fact that the principal personage is no other than Diderot himself, and that the incidents are such as actually befel him. Of all the famous, and terrible as famous, writers in the 'Encyclopédie,' which did so much to hasten the first Revolution, and has since done so much to extend knowledge, though unfortunately, also, to weaken



the belief in Christianity—of all this formidable band, Diderot was the most laborious, the most voluminous, perhaps also the most conscientious; and there are not wanting authorities to assert that he was by far the most learned, and had by far the mightiest intellect. One competent critic, indeed, has gone so far as to declare that the world-renowned Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire were not worthy to be compared to him in any respect; and he says that the latter was not only indebted to him for no small portion of the knowledge and reading that he has worked up in his books, but even for much of his biting irony and piercing wit. He adds, that if Diderot's writings, philosophical, historical, and religious, were even now to be brought fairly before the public, instead of being, as heretofore, almost exclusively confined to the cabinet of the student or the library of the great, they would cast into the shade those of his *confrères*, and convince the world that the latter was not, as generally supposed, the principal literary instrument in shattering to pieces the old monarchy of France and its dependent institutions, and in preparing the great revolution which, after the ruin and bloodshed and anxieties of sixty years, is still keeping Europe in alarm.

Some interest is excited by an experiment about to be made at the Odéon Theatre—the production of Schiller's *William Tell*, translated into blank verse. It is generally thought that the French language does not admit of this kind of versification; and I have heard many long arguments, and read many ponderous treatises, labouring to prove that it would be barbaric and impossible. But, probably from natural stupidity, or English obstinacy, I have never been convinced of the truth of this. At all events, the experiment is worth seriously making: if it fail, it fails; if it succeed, let us hope that we shall for ever after be delivered from the jingling rhyme of those terrible *Alexandrins Français*. It is the rhyme, in no small degree, that, in my poor opinion, makes the great tragic writers of France, Corneille and Racine, so wearisome to read, and is a sad blemish even in the sparkling page of Molière. It is the rhyme, too, most undoubtedly, which has prevented the French from enriching their literature with any really great epic. The wonder is, that the tyranny of it should have been submitted to so long. True, there have been the example of precedent, and the authority of those who pretend to be authorities; but there was also precedent and authority for never writing a comedy in prose, and yet Molière violated both by his *chef d'œuvre*, the *Avare*. In those days, however, the act was far bolder than it would be in these, to relieve tragedy from the despotism of rhyme; and Molière, it may be remembered, had bitter hostility to contend with on account thereof. The Duke de —, a great literary authority of the times, denounced him as mad:—"Is this Molière mad," said he, "and does he suppose that we can stand five acts of prose? Gracious heavens! Is it possible to be amused with prose?"

#### VARIETIES.

*The Tourist's Gallery*, by Mr. C. Marshall, exhibited for the first time on Monday last in the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, is one of the best dioramas, as a work of art and entertainment, that we have yet seen. It is the tour of Europe, in three parts. In the first, the spectators are supposed to embark on board a steamer, which moves off in gallant style amid some good shipping scenery, and, landing at Hamburg, to visit some of the principal cities of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria—Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Pesth, and Vienna are among the most interesting. Passing down the Danube, the traveller arrives at the shores of the Bosphorus, where he is presented with a view of Constantinople and the Golden Horn. In the second part, the tourist is transported to Rome. Here the principal public buildings are well exhibited in an elaborate bird's-eye view of the eternal city. The tourist is then presented with one or two capital pictures of Venice, which, notwithstanding that they are so familiar to every one by

the paintings of Turner and Canaletti, are of high interest. The principal feature in this first portion of the homeward tour consists, however, of several characteristic representations of Alpine scenery, of overhanging rocks and glaciers, terminating with a striking view of Mont Blanc. In the concluding part, the tourist is brought home by way of the Rhine, with its picturesque scenery, comprising some of the most striking localities between Bingen and Cologne, all charmingly painted. This diorama may be highly commended for its interest and artistic merit, and will doubtless prove a source of great attraction, especially to our continental visitors. The exhibition is accompanied by music, appropriate and subdued, and the views are very fully and graphically described by Mr. W. S. Woodin.

*The Shakspeare Fund*.—Mr. Macready's 'Readings' in behalf of the Shakspeare House Fund have been, as was anticipated, very successful, and will go far to satisfy the remaining debt of the committee. At Rugby (his own *Alma Mater*), he received fifty pounds. At Cambridge, on Monday last, the result was a clear balance of eighty pounds to the fund. At Oxford, on Tuesday, as nearly as possible the same sum. This latter city (fortunate enough to possess in the town council more than one name favourably known to the world of art and letters) took occasion to read a lesson of good taste and liberal feeling to the university; and nobly avenged the 'genius of the place' by throwing open and lighting the Town Hall free of expense. Last evening Mr. Macready was to resume his 'labour of love' at Eton College, where the amiable and accomplished head-master, with his usual courtesy, has manifested the warmest interest in the cause, and has secured to the great artist a brilliant reception both in public and private.

*The Army and Navy Club-House*.—The interior of this magnificent palace, exhibited during the week to private view, presents a remarkable instance of our improved decorative taste in high places. The delicate and very chaste colouring of Mr. Sang and Signor Romoli is truly agreeable to the eye, after the meretricious adornment of red and blue and gold that is being adopted in some of our public buildings. The unobtrusive neatness of the carpets, and the total absence of gilding, even round the large pier-glasses, are also in the happiest taste. We were much struck, too, with the lightness and elegance of the glass chandeliers, supplied by Mr. Osler, of Birmingham, particularly that in the library, which is the most elaborate specimen of crystal workmanship that it is possible to conceive. The grand staircase is adorned with a fine specimen of Gobelin tapestry, presented by Louis Napoleon, and with the portraits of her Majesty on horseback, and of several military and naval heroes.

*The Bury Peel Testimonial*.—The authorities of Bury, Lancashire, Sir Robert Peel's native town, have shown great taste in the selection of a statue in bronze of their great statesman by Bailey, R.A.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday*.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(Capt. Erskine, R.N., on the South Sea Islands.—George Buist, Esq., F.R.S., on the Adaptation of the Aneroid Barometer to Surveying Purposes in India.—Capt. J. L. Stokes, R.N., Report on the Southern Part of the Middle Island, New Zealand.)—British Architects, 8 p.m.

*Tuesday*.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m.—(Professor Owen on the Anatomy of *Phacochoerus Æthiopicus*.—Mr. Gray on New Shells; and other Papers.)

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8½ p.m.—(Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., on the Silurian Rocks of Scotland.—Rev. P. B. Brodie, F.G.S., on the Basement Beds of the Inferior Oolite in Gloucestershire.—W. K. Loftus, Esq., F.G.S., on the Tagros Range of Western Persia.)

*Thursday*.—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Professor Cowper on Lighthouses.)

*Saturday*.—Medical and Chirurgical (Anniversary), 4 p.m.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When books are briefly noticed under the head of 'Summary,' without any critical opinion of their merits or defects, it is intended, in most cases, to return to them for review.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. 1851.

The following Outline of the Arrangements for the Season is respectfully submitted to the Nobility, Subscribers, and Patrons of the Opera. It is presented with the confident hope, that the successful exertions made, may be considered not unworthy of the forthcoming Brilliant Season, and of the high reputation and character of Her Majesty's Theatre.

#### ENGAGEMENTS FOR THE OPERA.

Soprani of high merit, who will appear for the first time in England, are—

Mdlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ (of the Italian Opera, Paris),  
Mdlle. ALAYMO (of the Pergola, Florence, and principal Theatres of Italy), and

Madame BARBIERE NINI (of the Royal Theatre of Turin,—the Pergola, Florence,—and all the principal Theatres of Italy),  
Mdlle. FELLER, Mdlle. ZAGNOLI.

The following Artists have been re-engaged:

Madame SONTAG, Mdlle. FARODI,  
Madame GIULIANI, Mdlle. IDA HERTRAND,

AND  
Madame FIORENTINI (who appeared at the close of last Season).

An Engagement has also been made for a limited number of nights with

Mdlle. ALBONI,  
Sig. GARDONI, Sig. SCOTTI (his first appearance),  
Mr. SIMS REEVES, and Sig. CALZOLARI.

Sig. COLLETTI,  
Sig. FERRANTI (of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance),  
Sig. SCAPINI (of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance),  
Sig. F. LABLACHE, Sig. LORENZO,  
Sig. CASANOVA (of the Italian Opera, Paris,—his first appearance),

AND  
Sig. LABLACHE.

Other arrangements of great interest are in progress.

Director of the Music and Conductor—M. RALFE.

Leader of the Orchestra . . . . . M. TOLBEQUE.

Ballet . . . . . M. NADAUD.

Maitre de Chant des Chœurs . . . . . HERR GANZ.

Great care has been used in the selection of the

ORCHESTRA.

The effect of the CHORUSES will be increased by the addition of several CHORISTERS from Germany.

The best founded hopes are entertained that M. MEYERBEER will superintend the production of a NEW GRAND OPERA, on which the great composer is at present engaged. This Opera will comprise some of the most interesting Melodies of the *Camp de Silesie*.

An entirely NEW GRAND OPERA, composed by M. THALBERG, the Libretto by M. SCRIBE, will shortly be produced; and a NEW OPERA, by M. AUBER, now composing expressly for Mdlle. ALBONI.

A Posthumous Work of DONIZETTI has likewise been secured. Various Novelties, in addition to the most admired Works of the Répertoire, will be produced on a scale of completeness adapted to the Brilliant Season of 1851.

Madame FIORENTINI will appear at the Opening of the Theatre, in Auber's Opera of GUSTAVUS.

Mdlle. CAROLINE DUPREZ will appear the first week in April.

Madame SONTAG will appear immediately after Easter.

Mdlle. ALAYMO will also appear immediately after Easter.

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